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THE CHINESE DELEGATES to the Assembly of the League of Nations have introduced a resolution approving the customs conference which is to meet in China at the end of October to discuss a revision or abolition of the tariff forced upon China by the powers. This will do no harm nor will it do any good. Fortunately there is one man in political life in Washington who is ready to speak up and tell the truth about the Chinese situation. He is Senator Borah, and this is what he has to say about the move in the League:

> This is the same pious pretense upon which China has been fed for eighty-three years. At least five of the nations which will vote for this resolution have, and have had for decades, treaties pledging themselves to protect the territorial integrity of China. In the meantime, and in the face of all these treaties and pledges and resolutions, China is deprived of sufficient revenues to maintain a government, thus leading to demoralization and governmental breakdown; forty-odd of her ports have been seized and held by force; the opium traffic has been imposed upon her at the point of the bayonet; her children have been exploited in foreign mills, and when the Chinese seek to record their protest in the way of public meetings and by public speech they are either shot down or taken into foreign courts and tried and condemned under foreign law. If there is any sense of justice or any humanitarian sentiment anywhere around, we will cease passing resolutions and act—action is now overdue.

SPEAKING OF LAWLESSNESS in China, we should like to direct attention to what is being done to the Chinese in Philadelphia by that noble soul, the Marine Corps director of police, General Smedley Butler. His men have been raiding in Chinatown without warrants in the expectation of catching some Chinese who are illegally in this country. A delegation from the Chinese Benevolent Association, headed by a responsible American attorney, waited upon the general to complain that these raids, besides being lawless, caused unrest, disturbed business, and were calculated to fan into flames the tong warfare. With that exquisite courtesy and gentlemanliness for which the General is famed he replied to the delegation in these words:

> We will not stop the raids. We must find out who's who and that's the only way to do it. We will not disturb any lawful business. As to your complaint that the police are rough, they are no rougher than your countrymen or their forefathers were in the Boxer uprising. I've got two Chinese bullets in me now from treatment I received in your country in 1900. We do not gouge out your eyes as they did to Americans, nor do we crucify you as they did. There will be no crucifixions here, but we do mean business in cleaning out those who don't belong in Chinatown.

Thus do we prove once more to the "heathen Chinee" how superior we Americans are in kindliness, good-will, respect for law, and all the other attributes of a Christian civilization.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has done well to appoint a commission of nine members comprising such distinguished men as General Harbord, Rear Admiral Fletcher, Senator Bingham, Howard E. Coffin, and Dwight W. Morrow to investigate the aviation situation. This commission should insure a thoroughgoing inquiry not only of Colonel Mitchell's charges but of the whole question of the aviation services and whether they should be combined into one separate department. The necessity of some such nonpartisan inquiry is proved once more by the attack just made upon Colonel Mitchell by Rear Admiral Moffett, head of naval aviation—as violent in its abuse as Colonel Mitchell's own utterances. The Colonel, by the way, has plainly maneuvered himself into a position where he will be court martialed and dismissed from the service without being given a chance to prove his case. For that we do not pity him; anybody who can leave the army ought to. But however people may deplore, as does the New York *World*, his offenses against discipline, they cannot but remember that it is precisely through such lack of discipline that reforms are often brought about in our hidebound military establishments. Colonel Roosevelt's insubordination at Santiago and Admiral Sims's attack upon the navy in connection with its marksmanship are cases in point. There are many times when it is well to treat the army or navy rough. Meanwhile, we are more than ever of the opinion that if the Colonel gets a chance he will prove the bulk of his assertions. The saving of Commander Rodgers and his crew of the PN-9 No. 1, after some very poor naval scouting work, fortunately deprives the Colonel of the right to lay the loss of those lives at the bureaucrats' door.

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THE METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPERS, while devoting pages to individual income-tax returns and boasting of their efficiency in collecting and arranging them, have worked themselves up into a fine frenzy of indignation at the principle of publicity. We cannot share their passion. Taxes have always seemed to some an invasion of the freedom of the individual, and every forward step in taxation has been bitterly resented and resisted. The struggle to write the federal income tax firmly into the statute-books of this nation required a generation; there was a time, not half a century ago, when even those who then edited *The Nation* regarded it as a wicked invasion of the state into the affairs of the individual. A broader social conception has prevailed. No one objects today because the records of personal taxes are open for examination at the tax offices; and probably the time will come—though it may come after a long fight—when the principle of publicity for income-tax returns will be as generally accepted. The unanimous opposition of Secretary Mellon's subordinates—who know the passionate views of their millionaire chief—means nothing. It would be better if the officials of the Treasury Department, all the way up to Mr. Mellon, stopped shouting, accepted the law as it is, and did their best to help the government to reap every possible benefit from it.

LOWER TAXES FOR THE RICH are advocated by Representative Longworth, who will be the Speaker of the next House. Mr. Longworth told newspaper correspondents recently that he favored lowering the surtaxes to less than 20 per cent. "I know that reduced surtaxes would benefit the man who is not paying taxes," he said, "in more employment and cheaper living costs." Mr. Longworth might have expanded his argument by reference to "L'île des Pingouins," Anatole France's beautiful satire on civilized society. When the Penguins adopted the ways of men they held a convocation on taxes, where it was first proposed to tax everybody according to his means. But the better plan of equal taxation for all was hit upon after one of the richest of the penguins rose and said:

> I am willing to deprive myself of everything which I possess in the interest of my brother Penguins. If necessary, I will give willingly even to my shirt. . . . It is only necessary to consider what the public interest demands. . . . The poor live upon the wealth of the rich; therefore such wealth is sacred. Do not touch it; this would be gratuitous evil. To take from the rich would not bring in much money, for they are not numerous; while, on the contrary, you would deprive yourself of all resources and plunge the country into poverty. On the other hand, if you demand a little aid of each inhabitant without regard to his wealth, you will get enough for the public needs and you will not have to inquire how much citizens possess, a kind of investigation which is regarded as an odious vexation. In assessing everybody equally and lightly you will spare the poor, since you will leave them the wealth of the rich.

What could be fairer than that?

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States are twin stars, the former growing dimmer as the latter becomes more brilliant; the United States must expand in the world market, but it can do so only at the expense of other exporting nations, especially England; England is headed for revolution because she has entered the stage of capitalist disintegration. So writes Leon Trotzky in a special preface to the American edition of his "Whither England?" brought out by the International Publishers. He says further:

> By exerting pressure on its debtors or giving them an extension, by granting or refusing credit to European countries, the United States is placing them in a gradually tightening economic dependence, in the last analysis an ineluctable situation, which is the necessary condition for inevitable social and revolutionary disturbances. The Communist International, viewed in the light of this knowledge, may be considered an almost conservative institution as compared with Wall Street. Morgan, Dawes, Julius Barnes—these are among the artificers of the approaching European revolution.
>
> In its work in Europe, and elsewhere, the United States is generally acting in cooperation with England, through the agency of England. But this collaboration means for England an increasing loss of independence. England is leading the United States to hegemony, as it were. Relinquishing their world rule, the diplomats and magnates of England are recommending their former clients to deal with the new master of the world. The common action of the United States and England is the cloak for a profound world-wide antagonism between these two powers, by which the threatening conflicts of the perhaps not remote future are being prepared.

Trotzky goes on to say: "Driving the European countries farther and farther down their blind alley, American capitalism is laying the foundation for wars and revolutionary upheavals, which in their frightful rebound will not fail to strike the economic system of the United States also."

BETTER READING than anything Raymond Poincaré has ever said or written is to be found in some admirable words of Premier Painlevé of France (buried well inside our great metropolitan dailies). Speaking at Strasbourg, September 10, he declared that a reconciliation between France and Germany was the "keystone of universal peace." Continuing he said: "No stable peace, no quietude, is possible in Europe while this feeling exists that on some pretext the two great peoples separated by the Rhine are ready to rush at each other." The Premier, after dwelling on France's sincerity in seeking a Rhine security compact, said:

> I am convinced that the real Germany thinks the same. I am convinced that war is not the ideal which the real Germany willingly cherishes. If the forces of peace are given their true scope, they will overcome the forces of war, which are still tormenting old Europe.

This is the only spirit which will bring peace to Europe and we have no doubt that, despite the remnants of the militarist party and those who seek revenge in Germany, the German people will respond promptly to this holding out of the true hope of peace and reconciliation, if they are convinced of the sincerity of the offer and are given assurance that the attitude M. Painlevé thus voices will not be changed by the next overturn of the ministry.

JUDGES ARE NOT ALWAYS JUDICIAL, even in the United States Supreme Court, said Professor Arnold Bennett Hall of the University of Wisconsin to the National Conference on the Science of Politics, recently assembled in New York City. Professor Hall explained that a study of the divided decisions of the Supreme Court in

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labor cases over a considerable period of years revealed that one justice had voted every time on the side of labor, one had voted on that side every time except once, and one had voted against labor every time. An analysis of the opinions of these justices showed that they had not followed consistent legal principles, continued Professor Hall. The next day Professor L. L. Thurstone of the University of Chicago suggested that, before appointment, would-be judges should be subjected to psychological tests to determine their judicial-mindedness. We wish we had enough confidence in applied psychology to indorse this suggestion, but we fear it would be as futile as impracticable. The moral we read is that the public should cease to regard judges as demi-gods or allow them to set themselves up as such; that court decisions are not necessarily any more judicial or scientific than the majority votes of legislators; and that it is ridiculous for the United States to continue as the one country in all the world in which a handful of jurists are allowed consistently and flagrantly to overthrow the will of the people as expressed by their elected law-makers.

STONE WALLS do not a prison make—nor, for that matter, a college. There has come to our office a pamphlet called "A Great National Service," giving details for the further enlargement of the George Peabody College for teachers, which includes the spending of an additional three and a half million for the erection of new dormitory, classroom, and laboratory buildings. The college is located at Nashville, Tennessee, yet we have looked in vain for that ringing utterance upon fundamentalism and the liberty of teaching which we have a right to expect from any institution in that State which asks for the respect of the nation at large. Nobody doubts that Tennessee's educational institutions can raise money—they have done it before and will do it again. What we would like to have them prove to us is that they can spend it to good purpose when they get it. As for dormitories, they do not need any more, for their teachers have been asleep too long as it is; while as to laboratories and classrooms, of what use are the former if it is necessary to deny in the latter the facts which any well-used laboratory will surely reveal? Doubtless Tennessee feels proud of the increasing enrolments in those institutions called "of learning"; doubtless she takes a childish delight in seeing brick piled on brick. Yet one fact is clear: she does not really believe in education.

BUFFALO, BUFFALO! Who wants a buffalo free of charge? Anybody who does may apply to the Director of the National Park Service in Washington and he can have a real American bison shipped to him in a well-built crate, f. o. b., Gardiner, Montana. Last year eighty-six were thus given away. This year a hundred are ready for adoption—the surplus product of the wild Yellowstone herd of more than 1,200 animals. So if anybody wishes a little bison in his backyard he need only move quickly. But—it is a big but—the difficulty is that, whether one draws a buffalo from the tame or the wild Yellowstone herd, the animal cannot be easily domesticated. Even though born in captivity and raised on the bottle, the buffalo is not trustworthy after a certain age. Hence there is no possibility of every farmer's adding a buffalo or two to his stock. That untamable buffalo disposition is surely a regrettable fact in nature, but it is a fact. So those who apply for the buffalo must needs be owners of great animal parks or zoological gardens. The most interesting thing about this offer of the government is its proof that the buffalo is saved. Twenty-five years ago it looked as if this characteristically American animal were doomed. Today the species is preserved by the Yellowstone herd, to say nothing of numerous others. Here is a case where the government moved in time and wisely.

Thomas Hardy, Poet

THE greatest living English poet is about to publish, at the age of eighty-five, another volume of verse. Thomas Hardy's suggestion, in the preface to "Late Lyrics and Earlier" three years ago, that he was perhaps done with the muses may now be taken as meaning merely that he was uncertain how much time remained for him on earth. Time, as it happens, has dealt gently with Mr. Hardy, and he has returned the compliment by making much of his moments. The title of the new book—who would call it his last one?—is highly characteristic: "Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles." Its quality remains, of course, to be seen; but the chances are very slight that it will be without distinction of a genuine sort.

The fact that Mr. Hardy continues at eighty-five to publish poetry, and good poetry, is picturesque enough and may set a record—Tennyson's last volume appeared when he was eighty-three. The most interesting aspect of the matter, however, has to do with the way in which his career as a poet has built itself up—culminating, it may be, in the book now soon to appear. Mr. Hardy is most widely known as a novelist, and doubtless there are many readers of "Tess" and "The Mayor of Casterbridge" who do not know that their author is prouder today of his verse than he is of his prose. It was verse that he started with more than sixty-five years ago, and it is verse with which he has been exclusively occupied throughout that part of the twentieth century which has accepted him, somewhat too complacently, as a "survivor."

When his poetry did not seem to be succeeding he turned, in the late sixties, to fiction; and until 1895 he was faithful to the field which with George Meredith he dominated. But after "Jude the Obscure," being sick of censorship and tired of unintelligent criticism, he reverted to his first and favorite medium. Then came his poetic drama, "The Dynasts," and the five volumes of shorter pieces upon which his great fame as a poet now rests. These pieces dated from all of the decades in which he had been writing; apparently he had always found satisfaction in verse, and the preface to "Late Lyrics and Earlier" hinted of whole piles of manuscript which were still unpicked and unsorted.

There are critics, indeed, who insist that Mr. Hardy was never, even while he was working at prose fiction, anything more (or less) than a lyric poet. The faults of his novels, they point out, may be attributable to the fact that his vision of the world came to him in fitful gleams rather than in the long, steady rays which presumably play upon the born novelist. At any rate, in one medium or another, he has established his right to stand among the first of English lyric poets; and nothing could give his admirers more pleasure than the news that he has had the strength during the past three years to go on harvesting the remains of a crop all but unexampled in its total riches.

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Fair Play to China

IT is profoundly encouraging that as this issue of *The Nation* appears there is assembled at Johns Hopkins University a conference of American liberals interested in the relations of the United States to China and determined to do their best to reorganize the present American policy toward China on the basis of justice, honesty, and fair play. The membership is limited to 275, but the list of sponsors shows that it is not only a most remarkable cross-section of American life but also that it includes many of the people best fitted by their knowledge of China, or their general interest in foreign affairs, to contribute to the discussions. There are representatives of labor, of various churches, of the colleges, of the liberal press, of the foreign missionary movement, of the China Society, etc.—for once the colored people of this country are also recognized in the discussion of a foreign problem in which they have a profound interest.

A conference which includes in its membership men like Bishop Roots of Hankow, Charles R. Crane, Professor Charles A. Beard, Bishop Francis McConnell, John R. Mott, Nathaniel Peffer, Professor E. A. Ross, and Owen D. Young would be distinguished in itself, but this is only a small portion of the roll of especially competent men and women. Merely as proof of the awakening American conscience in the matter of our world policy this gathering is more than worth while; anything that helps to take the direction of our international policies out of the hands of the bureaucrats and the professional diplomats helps to revive one's belief that it is possible to formulate and to regulate our relations with other nations on a basis of decency and morality.

How much good the conference will accomplish depends, of course, upon whether it takes its courage in both hands and speaks out with absolute frankness. If a majority should be influenced in the direction of conservatism and soft-speaking because of the policy of the Government, or any belief that this is the time to go slow, watch developments, and trust the Government, the opportunity will in some degree be thrown away. If, for instance, the conference should fall in with the sentiments of the joint note of the powers to China, which declares that they will assist in the reform of conditions in China when the Chinese Government has given "concrete evidence of its ability and willingness to influence respect for the safety of foreign lives and property and to suppress disorder and anti-foreign agitation," little will be achieved beyond frank speaking by those who understand the real significance of what is happening and realize that the policy of force toward China is played out. The simple truth, as we pointed out last week, is that the powers have not the slightest intention of doing anything worth while until they are compelled to. They know perfectly well that as long as their present policies continue the masses in China will continue to be inflamed. The latest outbreaks in Hongkong and Shanghai show clearly that the powers have not helped in any way to ameliorate conditions since the original troubles began. Their weakness and delay are such that the situation is bound to go from bad to worse unless enlightened public opinion in this and other countries compels a change of front. Moreover, no proof whatever is offered by the several powers that they have ceased their policy of purchasing outright the Chinese generals who are responsible for so much of the disturbance and disorder. As long as the powers seek to rule China imperially by dividing the Chinese by force or corruption, just so long will there be turmoil within the Celestial Empire.

In short, the powers by their assertion that they will do nothing until order and stability are restored in China—they to be the sole judges of what shall constitute order and stability—are seeking to place China in the position in which they have held Germany since the Treaty of Versailles. As the powers trumped up charges that Germany was not adequately disarmed in order to place a cloak of legality about their own retention of the Cologne area, so they can postpone any reforms in China for a century if they take the position that they will not budge until the last bit of brigandage disappears. As a matter of fact, some of these unholy and un-Christian nations would not hesitate one moment to subvention brigands if it were to their interest to do so. What the conference at Baltimore should do, therefore, is to go on record at once as believing that every extraterritorial right of any of the powers should be at once abolished, precisely as the Russians voluntarily yielded up theirs, together with a clear-cut statement of the responsibility of the powers for the disorder which they make their excuse for refusing to do justice. We ourselves are clear that it is no concern of the United States how much disorder there is in China, or if there is any. We are not the policemen of China any more than we have the right to be the policemen of Mexico and the Caribbean.

The stupidity of the policy of the powers is the more apparent since, as every well-informed diplomat knows, they are now beaten to a standstill by the Chinese technique of non-resistance. The powers may occupy Canton and Hankow; they may once more send their troops into Peking. It would do them no good whatever, but would simply arouse the Chinese people to a degree which would make the present demonstrations seem like child's play. Force is the one thing that can accomplish nothing save infinite injury to the powers themselves. From their own selfish standpoint they ought to yield and yield gracefully, without any talk about the conditions in China today, without any further display of shameless hypocrisy.

To the Baltimore conference we look with faith for a statement of the rights and wrongs of the situation fit to arouse the conscience of the American people. There are plenty of men and women who know where the truth lies. Bishop Roots, for one, has spoken out with frankness and honesty, and so has Provost C. K. Edmunds of Johns Hopkins University, who for so many years resided in China. We have been proud of the attitude taken by most American missionaries, for their recognition of the fact that the day of narrow sectarian proselyting has passed in China precisely as has the day of brazen imperialistic land-grabbing by France, Germany, Japan, Russia, and England. But their test is *now*. Will these men and women who know what the hour calls for supply the leadership so sadly lacking in the State Department and the White House? Those departments of the government are actually going on building gunboats with which to overawe a few of the inhabitants of the Yangtze River, believing that that sort of thing will ameliorate the situation. They are too blind to see that this step itself, and what it signifies, spells disaster.

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National Forests or Stockmen's Profits?

AFTER twenty years of strenuous effort the preservation of our forests had seemed, until lately, to be assured. With large tracts set aside in the West under national guardianship, and a growing tendency to establish similar reserves in the East through the action of individual States, the fight for timber conservation appeared to have been won. But no policy in the interest of the public good is ever secure for long against the attack of private greed, and today the Forest Service, and more or less the entire policy of national conservation, is the object of an organized and dangerous offensive on the part of the live-stock owners of the West.

The issue in brief is this: The national forests contain 90,000,000 acres of grazing land. Such land is open to the pasturage of live stock by obtaining a permit and paying a fee prescribed by the Forest Service. Previous to 1905, at which time the national forests were transferred from the Interior to the Agricultural Department, there was no fee; since then the charges have been gradually increased from nominal payments until now the Forest Service is proposing to ask the full commercial value of the forage. Owners of cattle and sheep are countering with a demand that instead the fees be reduced to a point sufficient merely to cover the cost of administering these lands, that stockmen be given more permanent rights to the forage, and that the power of the Forest Service be curbed through a board of appeals with superior authority.

The stockmen began their drive last winter by the Phipps bill, which would reduce grazing fees in the national forests by about 65 per cent and would establish a "Board of Grazing Appeals," consisting of two representatives from the Department of Agriculture, two from the live-stock industry, and a fifth chosen by the four. The decisions of the board would be final, overruling those of the Secretary of Agriculture. The Phipps bill was reported favorably to the Senate by the Committee on Public Lands, without a single hearing, and was passed on January 31. In the House, fortunately, the measure got no further than the Committee on Agriculture. But the bill is far from dead and will be revived in some form at the next session of Congress. Meanwhile the stockmen's organizations have loosed a flood of propaganda which has been generously printed by the compliant Western press, and the Committee on Public Lands of the Senate has been holding hearings at various points in the Southwest and Northwest which have given further publicity to the stockmen's side of the controversy. With one exception, the Senate's Committee on Public Lands is made up of men from west of the Mississippi, and the chairman, Robert N. Stanfield of Oregon, has not concealed his hostility to the Forest Service.

The controversy between the stockmen and the Forest Service had its beginnings in 1920 when the latter undertook a comparison of rentals on private range lands with those in the national forests. The study took four years, and as told by Ovid M. Butler in *American Forests and Forest Life* for September:

> This appraisal of national forest forage, according to the Forest Service, fully substantiated an average increase in the present grazing fees of approximately 75 per cent. Prior to his death, Secretary Wallace, of the Department of Agriculture, served notice on the stockmen that upon the showing of the Rachford report an increase in grazing fees would go into effect January 1, 1926. He did not put the increase into effect immediately in consideration of the fact that the stock business in the West at that time was in a state of "hard times." With the announcement of the proposed increase, the stockmen figuratively got in their saddle and rode to Washington with fire in their eyes. Secretary Wallace stood firm, but after his death Secretary Gore granted the stockmen an extension of one year in the date on which the increased fees would become effective, or to January 1, 1927, in order that his successor might have ample time to review the whole case and finally fix the new fees to be put into effect. The Rachford report, with its proposed increase in grazing fees, is, therefore, in the hands of the present Secretary, William M. Jardine, for his approval or rejection.

The argument of the stockmen is that even under present conditions the industry is not profitable, that flocks and herds are decreasing, and that if grazing fees are increased the public will have to pay for them in higher prices for meat. At the hearing of the Senate's Committee on Public Lands in Yakima, Washington, on September 3, for instance, it was said that the number of cattlemen who were permittees in the Umatilla forest had decreased by more than a third in three years, and the size of the herds likewise; the men remaining were operating at a loss.

On the other hand the Chief Forester recently said:

> We must recognize the fact that, whatever we may say about it, the forage on the national forests is a commercial commodity. It is exactly like any other forage. Forage is one of the great commercial commodities of the Western States, and its character in that respect is not changed by property lines. Range is bought and sold and rented every day. It has its markets and its prices. It is just as much a commercial commodity of the West as are the live-stock products derived from it or the standing timber on the national forests.

The Forest Service has all the best of the argument. The lumbermen are charged the commercial value of the timber which they cut in the national forests, and there is no justification for making the stock-raisers favored wards of the government. To give them something for nothing—for this is what it comes to—is the same favoritism and injustice as is involved in a protective tariff or a ship subsidy, with the further folly that it is designed to foster not an infant or growing industry but a decrepit and waning one. Raisers of sheep already have the benefit of a high tariff on wool, and yet it is admitted that their industry has long been losing ground. Raising cattle for beef—certainly under present conditions—is likely also to be crowded more and more to the wall in the United States. The production of wool and meat is primarily an industry for undeveloped countries with cheap land. The United States is becoming too much settled, land is growing too dear, for us to expect to hold our old position in this regard. Furthermore, it is childish and unbusinesslike to make a gift to any individual in the mere *hope* that he will pass it on to his fellows. The protective tariff has had no such results. Neither has the past history of stockmen enjoying cheap forage in the national forests given any indication that the benefits were

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passed on to the consumer of meat. To quote again from *American Forests and Forest Life:*

> In the past the stockmen using the national forests have received the difference between the full value of the range and the fees actually paid. In marketing their live stock they have not made any reduction in the price corresponding to the cheap range obtained from the government. Also they have sought to capitalize as their own the value of their privilege of using public property. In selling their live stock and ranches with a waiver of their grazing privileges on the national forests they have priced their stock several dollars a head above the market to include the capital value of the government privilege, or this capital value has been added to the price asked for the accompanying ranch property.

In addition to the threat of higher meat prices the stockmen are raising a cry of autocracy and incompetence in the Forest Service. So far as we have seen, they have not produced any convincing evidence. Undoubtedly the Forest Service is a great power in the West, as was pointed out by Harvey Fergusson in *The Nation* of July 22, last, in an article entitled Out Where Bureaucracy Begins. But if abuses have crept in, they can be eliminated without attacking the service as such. As the proverb has it, it is unwise to throw the baby out the window even if the house is afire.

Some may assume that no matter what happens to the grazing lands in the national forests the trees will not be endangered. Not by any means. If a policy of special favors for stock-raisers is officially adopted, the lumbermen will shortly—and legitimately—demand similar concessions. The only safety for forest preservation is to maintain and extend the policy that has developed through twenty years of earnest effort.

Poincaré in His Own Defense

THERE is an old French adage which runs "Qui s'excuse s'accuse." M. Poincaré has come to his own defense in an article in *Foreign Affairs*. He had much better have heeded the adage and remained silent, for if he has not accused himself he has made so poor a showing that his discriminating friends, if he has such, must mourn for him. Rhetoric there is and appeals to the old war shibboleths, to the familiar prejudices as well as the customary harping on Alsace-Lorraine and the war of 1870. But of documents, new facts, or new light there is none; nor is there any controverting of the startling testimony of the Russian revelations as to M. Poincaré's intrigues with Russia just before the war came.

Those deadly Bolshevik revelations M. Poincaré simply brushes aside. "What weight," he asks, "can be attached to the Soviet revelations and the commentaries resulting from them" in the face of the assertions he makes and his own restatement of European politics up to 1914? Well, with the average inexpert reader who is not familiar with the documents this may be effective throwing of dust in the public's eyes, but the truth is that the Soviets published no documents of their *own*. They gave to the world those of the Czar's Foreign Office which they found—contemporary records, like the disgraceful secret treaties which the Allies sought to conceal from the Americans, the authenticity of which has never been successfully challenged. M. Poincaré does not meet them because he cannot. He merely invokes the old Bolshevik prejudice as a smoke-screen.

So, too, he brands every student who dares to challenge the war-guilt mythology as the victim of Russian or German malevolence: "It is unfortunately true that in friendly countries, and especially in the United States, the combined propaganda of Germany and the Soviets has sown confusion in the minds even of well-meaning men of high standing." This, of course, disposes completely of Frederick Bausman, Professors Fay, Barnes, Seymour, Wright, and Schmitt, Senator Robert L. Owen, Frank Simonds, Albert J. Nock, and the Canadian, John S. Ewart. These men are either duped or bought. As for Germans like Hermann Lutz and Count Montgelas, why, they are Huns and so not to be noticed. But curiously enough three Germans *do* figure gallantly: Lichnowsky, Richard Grelling, and Maximilian Harden, who suddenly become "honest Germans" because they acknowledge "the wrongs committed" by their country and are on M. Poincaré's side. As for the Frenchmen who have lately gone so far as to acquit Germany of most of the blame—for these traitors M. Poincaré has not a word. He ignores Alfred Fabre-Luce's "La Victoire" and Mathias Morhardt's "Les Preuves," both absolutely damning to Poincaré. Are these Frenchmen bought by the Germans and Bolsheviks? M. George Louis's evidence as ex-Ambassador to St. Petersburg M. Poincaré also brushes aside merely by declaring that on his return to Paris he became the associate of defeatists and adventurers.

Let M. Poincaré speak for himself. This is his rhetorical and damning conclusion—damning to himself:

> Imperial Germany is guilty because she did not try to prevent Austria from attacking Serbia. She is guilty because on the contrary she maneuvered so that Europe should leave Serbia alone face to face with its powerful neighbor. She is guilty because having for a time, through belated fear of Great Britain, gone back on her first counsels of violence and made feeble attempts at moderation, she returned, as the Scriptures say, to her vomit. She is guilty because without being forced by anything except strategic considerations she set a torch to the powder houses of France. Against these unalterable truths the gates of hell themselves shall not prevail.

To this amazingly brief indictment does M. Poincaré come! Gone is all the stuff about Germany's long-laid plans to dominate the world, her deep schemes to split Europe in half, her long, long planning of "Der Tag," and all the rest of the fustian and stuff with which the world was regaled through French and British propaganda. Well, badly as we thought of M. Poincaré, we think worse of him now. Yet, even so, *The Nation* does not go nearly as far as Mr. Bausman or Professor Barnes and others. It cannot yet acquit Germany of all blame. It is simply aware that the documents discovered since 1917 compel any honest man to throw away his preconceptions, to study the case anew upon the sole basis of probed fact and unquestioned documents, and that much Russian, French, and English guilt is now established as well as Austrian, German, and Serbian. They were all guilty, guilty, as M. Poincaré would say, as hell itself, and gradually the truth about it all is coming out, here and there, bit by bit, from the confessions of this or that man, or the discovery of additional documents. Whether it will ever be possible to overthrow all the war lies and get the truth before the masses is a problem of the future.

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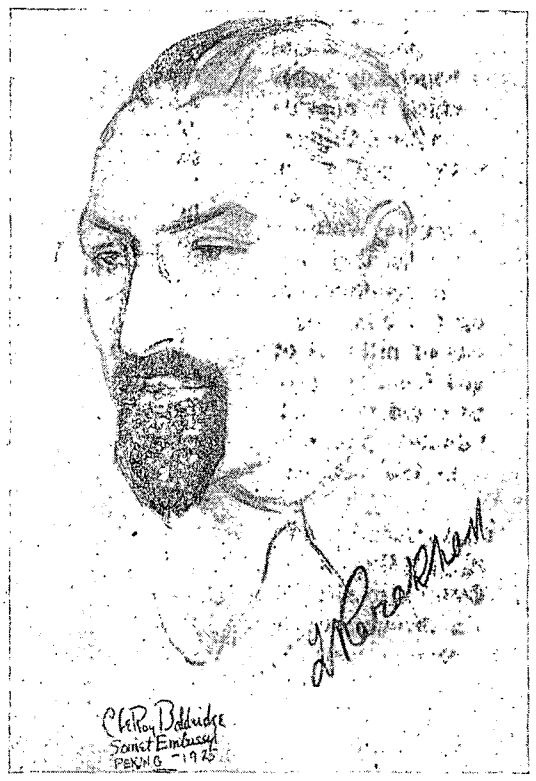
Bolshevism in China

An Interview with Karakhan

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Peking, July 19

THERE is no more fascinating figure in world diplomacy than Leon Karakhan, Soviet ambassador to China. In our current red mythology he has assumed almost epic proportions. It is said that the Specter of World Revolution, having been maltreated by the Daughertys, Birkenheads, and Poincarés of Western politics, has finally come to roost with him in Peking. He is variously pictured as a devil, an apostle of murder, an unscrupulous trickster, a savior of China, a protector of the weak, a diplomatic genius. In appearance Karakhan is like none of his myths, except perhaps the devil—a very handsome devil, only thirty-six years old. Black bearded, olive skinned, lithe and tall, he moves and talks with easy grace. He is an internationalist by training, an Armenian aristocrat giving his life to Russian communism, a graduate of St. Petersburg University, who has been since Brest-Litovsk a leading figure in Russian diplomacy.



The Soviet Ambassador at Peking

Karakhan talks. That is the delightful part about him. There are few diplomatic reticences about him. He talks for an hour and a half like a realist. Our conversation centers about the Great Fear, the conquest of the Orient by bolshevism. Gradually there emerge the outlines of the three major questions that the Western world is asking: How far has bolshevism actually progressed toward the conquest of China? What prospects are there of an alliance between China, Japan, and Russia for control of the East? What opportunity does internal dissension in China give for Bolshevik control in the future?

As to the actual progress of bolshevism in China, Karakhan says in substance:

> Of course, it should not be necessary to disillusion you concerning the newspaper portrait of bolshevism in the Orient. In the newspapers we are picturesque villains taken directly from Italian comic opera. We sneak stealthily upon the stage with a bag of gold in one hand and a knife in the other. We create all discontent, all strikes, all rebellions.
>
> Now, there is one important objection to that picture. The imperialists who continue to live in a comic-opera world may have their necks broken some day before they realize that the struggle of the workers for power is a serious struggle. If bolshevism is growing in the Orient it is because the Eastern people are beginning to want the things which we want. The British do not seem to be quite aware of this fact. They seem to think that they can make slaves of a nation, kill its citizens, seize much of its wealth, buy its generals, and then announce to the world that everything would be all right if there were no Soviet gold in sight.

Mr. Chamberlain has a good deal of the comic-opera outlook upon diplomacy. He finds the convenient villain embodied in Russia. His analysis is dangerously superficial. And there is something of desperation in his attitude. British imperialism has its back against the wall. The imperialist cannot admit his own guilt without losing everything that he has.

Is there a considerable Bolshevik movement in China? No. Of course, we have influence here. We are proud of it. We do not seek to conceal it. I speak at universities and the Y. M. C. A., but the Communist movement in China is very small and there are very few leaders of strikes and agitation who come from Russia. The Canton army has been assisted to some extent in military training by Red officers. We have a situation in China which I may describe as a rear-guard engagement in the workers' struggle. It is not a vanguard engagement. The Chinese people are still fighting for those elementary things which workers even in capitalist nations have gained long ago.

Of course China is moving forward very rapidly at this moment. There are two outstanding things about the present movement of workers and students which make the movement significant as a preparation for a more decisive battle later on. First, the movement is national and not provincial. It includes the workers as the solid basis, with the students as the vigorous ferment. It presents some striking resemblances to the Russian revolution of 1905 which made the later revolution possible. Second, the aims of this Chinese movement are quite clearly defined. The Boxer movement was a vague anti-foreign uprising. The present movement has definite objectives.

As far as north China is concerned all recent events seem to fit in with Karakhan's description. The present crisis in China is the result of a Chinese and not a Bolshevik movement. No disclosures have been made of any important causal connections between bolshevism and the Chinese agitation. This in spite of the fact that the provinces have been combed by British agents in the attempt to find oratorical ammunition for Chamberlain. The two Communists executed at Hankow were put to death by

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a pro-British local governor. In Shanghai and Peking student and labor leaders indignantly repudiate any suggestion that they are inspired or paid by Moscow. There is not a single Bolshevik plank in their platforms. Their leadership is purely Chinese. All over Peking they have plastered great signs:

THE STUDENT MOVEMENT IS
Not Bolshevik
Not anti-Christian
Not anti-foreign
BUT CRY (*sic*) FOR HUMANITY

Chinese liberalism is friendly to Soviet Russia because Russia is the one nation in the world that has stood unequivocally for Chinese justice. Chinese bolshevism is three-fourths pre-Versailles Wilsonism. Even the Chinese Communist Party has not a single Communist plank in its political proposals. Its program of fourteen points would be rejected by the British Labor Party as hopelessly bourgeois. Its slogan of eight characters by which it appeals to the masses of the Chinese people means two things: Down with the Militarists and Down with the Foreign Imperialists.

While the foreign policy of bolshevism is winning friends in China there appears to be no structural preparation in Chinese society for the practice of communism. Class consciousness is just dawning among the city workers; in the vast rural districts the hundreds of millions of Chinese peasants seem to be as far removed from the program of the Third International as anyone could be. Bolshevism in the economic life of China will doubtless remain for generations what it is today, a yeast in the vast unleavened mass.

As to our second major question: What prospects are there of an alliance between China, Japan, and Russia for control of the East? Karakhan speaks from a wealth of experience. He it was who piloted Russia through those stormy days of the settlement with Japan concerning Sakhalin. He takes down a great map from the wall and shows me how Japan is extending her power in Manchuria. On the map heavy red lines trace out the railways which Japan has built and the railways which Japan has planned to build on Chinese territory.

> There are several points [he says] at which Russian and Japanese policy clash in the East. First of all in regard to the whole attitude of Japan toward the continent. When Japan speaks of an Asiatic alliance, the alliance seems to bear some resemblance to that between a hungry stomach and a piece of bread.
>
> Then, we have a number of specific points of difference. They center around the Chinese Eastern Railway. Come over to this map and I can show you. See, there is Tsitsihar in northern Manchuria. You see that is near the Chinese Eastern Railway, which runs across Manchuria to Vladivostok. Russia and China control the Chinese Eastern Railway, and naturally it is of the utmost importance to have the railway protected from aggression since it is part of the trans-Siberian system. If the northern section of Manchuria is controlled by Japan, Russia's path to the Pacific is cut off. Now, Japan is planning the construction of several new railway lines in that northern section of Manchuria. The one from Tsitsihar would not only cut across the Chinese Eastern Railway but it would bring Japan to a commanding position in the Khingan Mountains. Other proposed lines would almost encircle the mountains. Then, over in eastern Manchuria Japan is also planning a number of railway lines which would cut the Chinese Eastern at Ninguta and run along the Russian border, making it possible to throw all her forces against Vladivostok on short notice. We have protested unofficially against these plans and Japan has suspended some operations. Nominally, of course, the Japanese Government is not building these railways officially. The construction is being done by the South Manchuria Railway Company, which is dominated by the Japanese Government.
>
> Aside from this strategic conflict in Manchuria, Russia and Japan also are engaged in the economic conflict for railway traffic and development. If Japan is allowed to carry out her plans of economic expansion in Manchuria a large part of the Soviet Government's holdings in railways will become unprofitable.
>
> No, an actual alliance between Russia, Japan, and China for the control of Asia by the Asiatics seems hardly possible so long as Japan maintains so possessive an attitude toward China. The pan-Asiatic movement is largely a newspaper myth. In fact, Russia is opposed to the slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" unless it includes justice as between Asiatic powers. "Asia for Japan" is no better than "Asia for Britain." But if Japan should modify her policy in China, there would be an inevitable drawing together of Russia, China, and Japan in the Orient. It might not take the form of an alliance against Western imperialism: that would depend partly upon the position of the United States. We have reached an agreement with Japan because Japan was willing to go half way with us. If the United States is unwilling to go half way we greatly regret it. Until the present time American power has served chiefly as a cat's-paw for British and Japanese interests in China.

Meanwhile Japan is, for the moment, playing a much more graceful part in Eastern diplomacy than the British. Without yielding any important economic advantage, the Japanese Government has turned away at least one-half of the Chinese wrath by soft answers. Her press is at once cautious and friendly to the Chinese people. As soon as the agitation in Shanghai reached major significance the Japanese Government clamped down a censorship upon its newspapers. It would seem that the shrewd diplomats at Tokio are beating time, knowing that the situation must play into their hands. If England is hard pressed, she must pay heavily for Japanese support, and together the two powers may dominate the Orient. If England fails, then China and Russia must be wooed and won to a new Eastern entente.

Many victims of the Great Fear, who would accept the contentions of Karakhan in regard to the actual weakness of bolshevism in China and the remoteness of a pan-Asiatic alliance against the West, still believe that the disorganized condition of China gives bolshevism its great opportunity. They look for the Red hand of Russia behind one or another of the Chinese parties. Specifically, they fear General Feng and pin their faith upon Chang Tso-lin. Karakhan's attitude toward that problem is this:

> What do I think about civil war? There is always danger of civil war in such a situation. You ask about the possible alignment of forces in such a war, with Chang Tso-lin, Britain, and Japan on one side and General Feng and Russia on the other side. I see no prospect of such an alignment as far as Russia is concerned. Perhaps the sympathies of the nations will be lined up in that way in the event of a struggle. Japan has been backing Chang Tso-lin consistently, while England has been cool toward

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him. Now, England must have somebody to pull her chestnuts out of the fire. So Chang emerges as the logical Chinese Kolchak. He is apparently quite willing to play the Kolchak role if England and Japan reward him well.

But the Chinese people must settle this struggle for themselves. Intervention by outside powers in behalf of one party or another will only perpetuate the disorder. History shows that the Chinese people will never get anything from the powers except those things that they are strong enough to take. The powers will respect China when they are compelled to respect China.

The pro-British press in China has spread grotesque rumors to the world in the attempt to prove that Russia is using Chinese militarists for her own ends. Actually, Britain and Japan have used Chinese militarists for their ends for a generation, while Russia has no representative today in China's internal strife. The Kuomintang, the party of Sun Yat-sen, which controls Canton, is a thoroughly Chinese democratic party, taking root in the traditional radical soil of south China. General Feng, the Christian general who is heading the anti-British movement at the time, has just called upon the Chinese people to repudiate bolshevism. His troops are drawn up by the Great Wall outside of Peking ready to make war upon England in behalf of the abolition of unequal treaties.

If Feng is given an opportunity to fight against England, it will be curious to watch the metamorphosis of this Christian gentleman in the British and American press. Until today he has been a wise and statesmanlike Christian executive, a believer in good roads, baths, and unbound feet. Tomorrow he may appear in Anglo-Saxon journalism as the apostle of mutilated missionaries, nationalized women, and the Red fear. There is nothing in the history of British journalism in the Orient to make this transformation incredible. From Shanghai, Hongkong, and other centers the British press has been pouring out anti-Bolshevik, anti-Chinese, and anti-labor propaganda in a style worthy of the *Menace*, the Dearborn *Independent*, and the Los Angeles *Times*.

Russia has no more effective champions in China today than these British colonials who are leading the bitter attack upon young China. They are throwing the Chinese people into the arms of the Bolsheviks. The demand for war against England is daily growing stronger. Student and labor demonstrations are centering upon British injustice. The feeling is so bitter that a declaration of war against England would probably throw into one camp the considerable armies around Canton, the army of General Feng near Peking, disaffected portions of the armies of Chang Tso-lin in north China and Manchuria, and perhaps India and Russia. Chinese Communists are naturally anxious for this opportunity to smash the British Empire. But for the time being Britain has sufficient power over the puppet government at Peking to postpone the day of reckoning.

As we come from the Russian embassy our ricksha man wheels to the right and there, diagonally across from each other on Legation Street, float the Star-spangled Banner and the Red Flag. Their juxtaposition is strangely suggestive and altogether depressing to an American who loves his own flag. To the Chinese people the red flag symbolizes what America once stood for: honesty in international relations, friendship for oppressed peoples. Karakhan is doing for China what Benjamin Franklin might have done. When he is dead we may erect monuments to him. Now we will not speak to him.

Herbert Hoover—Super-Business Man

By GEORGE T. ODELL

HOW does Herbert Hoover stand now? What is he doing for commerce? Is he relieving the burden upon the consumers' pocket-books?

If you ask a captain of industry and he happens to be in a mood for frank disclosure, the chances are that you will hear nothing but praise of Mr. Hoover. Two years ago the ratio of his admirers among leading business men was not very large. Not many of them were able to divine what he was driving at, and for the most part they did not care for his methods. But they have "got him" now, as we say in that delightfully expressive American colloquialism, and they are delighted to find that he is helping them to accomplish the very things they have been wanting to do for years but have been more or less deterred from doing by the anti-trust laws and the Federal Trade Commission.

Mr. Hoover believes in business organizations, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and trade associations. He works with them, and through them he draws individual concerns into his scheme of democratic business control. By democratic business control he means that business shall control itself with a minimum of government interference. Recently the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision in the "maple flooring" case that was essentially in accord with Mr. Hoover's conception of the functions of a trade association. But owing to a number of prosecutions by the Department of Justice and rulings of the Federal Trade Commission, industry in general has been somewhat dubious about gathering statistics on costs and prices and passing these about among themselves although it very much wanted to do so. The Secretary of Commerce has found a way of surmounting this difficulty by creating "voluntary committees" within the various industries that report statistical data to the Division of Simplified Practices of the Department of Commerce, which together with data gathered by the Bureau of the Census and by the statistical division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce goes back to the trade associations through which it is circulated to the individual industries. So the vital statistics which the industries were afraid to circulate on their own account are now supplied just as promptly by the federal government, and of course the Department of Justice is not going to prosecute members of a trade association for disseminating official government statistics even if they are supplied largely by the members of the industry or the trade association itself.

The consuming public may wake up some fine day and

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discover that it is in the grip of great price-fixing combinations that control every necessity of life and most of the luxuries as well. Certainly the Hoover plan will make such combinations feasible, and who shall say them nay? The Federal Trade Commission that originally was conceived as the guardian of the consumers' rights as well as the protector of weak industries against the strong has now, thanks to the Coolidge policy, become an innocuous body that may not even survive the coming Congress. The courts cannot act unless the law is invoked by the Department of Justice, and it is almost unthinkable that an Attorney General will institute proceedings against those who are merely following the precepts of the Secretary of Commerce. Moreover, instead of having a free choice in the matter of quality and style we shall be bound to the narrowest possible limits of standardization under the scheme that is now being carried out. Nor can we turn for relief to foreign markets where creative genius has not yet been stifled, for there is the tariff wall to prevent their products from reaching us. The disappearance from the American market of many fine textiles that still abound in Europe is but an earnest of the further restrictions that may be expected when the simplified practice system becomes universal in American industry.

Strangely enough the prophecy of this undertaking was born amidst the greatest waste that mankind has ever known—the World War. The War Industries Board forced manufacturers in many lines to simplify their processes by reducing the forms of their output to conform to a few prescribed standards. As soon as possible after the war these same manufacturers resumed their former practices. Mr. Hoover entered the Department of Commerce with his mind made up to reestablish the essence of the plan inaugurated by the War Industries Board, but he had to find a different method. In time of peace the government is not endowed with such great prescriptive prerogatives, and the mere suggestion of that power contravenes the political doctrines of those who were then and are now in authority. Consequently the Secretary of Commerce had to exercise his ingenuity to find another means to the same end. Propaganda and the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Engineering Council, and various trade associations were instruments at hand. The touchstone of the campaign was the self-interest of the individual producer and merchant.

In the fall of 1921 Mr. Hoover called a conference on unemployment to provide temporary relief measures and to consider the whole problem of business slumps. With that conference as a fulcrum a new policy was prized into the governmental structure. Since have followed over two hundred conferences of various industries and some others of a more general nature. In brief the plan of these conferences is this:

Through illustrated lectures by Department of Commerce representatives before trade bodies, and the distribution of quantities of literature, some individuals in an industry are stimulated to request the Secretary of Commerce to call a conference of the whole industry. Mr. Hoover then authorizes the secretary of the trade association or some other competent person acting as his representative to make a preliminary survey of the industry. He has set up in the department a Division of Simplified Practices to assist in this work, and there are also some twenty other divisions, each specializing in one or more of the basic industries which are able to render assistance as the plan progresses. Arrangements are made for a conference at which producers, distributors, users, and general interests are invited to consider the survey and make recommendations. These recommendations are circularized among the individuals of the industry together with a form of pledge to abide by them. Sometimes there is a follow-up campaign to sell the plan to reluctant members. The results so far achieved consist of some twenty-five agreements for the reduction of varieties of manufactured articles.

Mr. Hoover's plan must not be construed as an attempt to regulate business or to force commerce and industry to confer benefits upon the people. It is officially described as the policy of "putting government behind business rather than in business." The Hoover method is more suggestive than mandatory. It is his idea that if shown the way business will reform its own practices and that from this reformation, whether it be in processes or ethics, the people will reap their just reward as surely as if government itself were to interfere in their behalf. Mr. Hoover said:

> In the field of business ethics we have seen great advance in the last two decades and chiefly due to the efforts of the better trade associations. This brings up an interesting question as to the use which might be made of trade opinion and determination of what is unfair competition. . . . It would seem worth considering that the voices of the large majority of a given trade might be given weight in the determination of what is unfair. It might lead to a degree of self-government in industry and trade morals which would free us from much regulation.

Recently Mr. Hoover's attention was attracted by the appalling toll of over 22,000 human lives and the more or less serious injury to nearly 700,000 persons in traffic accidents upon the streets and highways annually. This state of affairs appeared to him as a tremendous economic loss. The First National Conference on Street and Highway Safety was held December 15, 1924. Much preliminary work had been done, and the conference reviewed reports from eight committees and adopted a manual on safety and accident prevention that contained a code for the regulation of city traffic and that on highways as well. In it are the principles for legislation and administration, suggestions for cooperation among various organizations, and a program for future activities, for the conference decided to continue its life and to meet periodically. In time it is hoped that a universal traffic code will be adopted throughout the United States, modified only to the extent necessary to meet local conditions.

The agents of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce are instructed always to be on the alert for opportunities to sell American goods abroad, and the cables are used freely in support of that policy. Surveying parties have been sent to India, Ceylon, British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, and to Central and South America to study the production of raw rubber. Similar investigations have been made of sisal, nitrogen, and tanning materials. Pending the time when these and other raw materials for which American manufacturers are dependent upon imports can be grown under American suzerainty, Mr. Hoover has recommended the enactment of legislation that will allow common purchasing agencies for imported raw materials where it is found that a positive combination exists to control its sale.

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Salmon fisheries in the Pacific, sturgeon fisheries in the Great Lakes, shad in the Potomac, and lobsters and crabs in the Atlantic Ocean and tributary waters are threatened with early extinction unless something is done to conserve them. The Bureau of Fisheries is part of the Department of Commerce, and Mr. Hoover has had them make a careful survey of the situation. He went to the United States Fisheries Association and put the problem before them, and he got a law through Congress giving him power to control the pollution of coastal waters by oil-burning and oil-carrying vessels. Other measures were enacted and agreements entered into with Canada which enable the Department of Commerce to create sanctuaries where members of the finny tribe and their crustacean associates may recuperate and multiply.

Mr. Hoover called three conferences of lumber associations and important consuming industries at which new standards for dimensions and such matters have been adopted. Members of the trades that use 90 per cent of the lumber that is sold estimate that a saving of $200,000,000 has been effected. It would require an extended survey, however, to determine who is getting the benefit of this "elimination of waste," since there are few facts published on the subject. At the last conference, a few weeks ago, Mr. Hoover said:

> The consumer is the person who has most to gain from the work of these conferences, for through protection from fraud and preservation of forests he is the ultimate gainer. If the consumer can be brought to place all orders on specifications of "American lumber standards" he is not only protecting himself but promoting the vital interests of the country.

In 1922-1923 Mr. Hoover held a conference with the producers and distributors of coal, railroad officials, and large consumers to determine what can be done to eliminate waste in the bituminous industry. It is admitted, however, by officials of the Department of Commerce that there is still great waste in this industry that can be overcome only by consolidations. Since the coal question has again become acute and since the Bureau of Mines is now under his direction, it is probable that the Secretary of Commerce will renew his activities in this direction before long.

A conference was called on superpower, at which Mr. Hoover broached his ambitious scheme for linking the hydro- and steam-electric plants in eleven Northeastern States, and while it does not yet appear that any actual development of this sort is under way committees are at work studying engineering and legal features of the question.

Are the Hoover policies bringing about a revolution in American industry and commerce? Mr. Hoover believes they are. In a speech delivered a year ago at Cleveland before the United States Chamber of Commerce, he said:

> I believe we are in the presence of a new era in the organization of industry and commerce in which, if properly directed, lie forces pregnant with infinite possibilities of more progress. I believe that we are, almost unnoticed, in the midst of a great revolution or, perhaps a better word, transformation of the whole super-organization of our economic life. We are passing from a period of extremely individualistic action into a period of associated activities. . . . I believe that through these forces we are slowly moving toward some sort of industrial democracy. We are upon its threshold, if these agencies can be directed solely to constructive performances in the public interest.

Arms for the Riff

By M. M. KNIGHT

Gibraltar, August 24

FOUR years ago Spain was just bringing to a victorious end a long and unnecessary war with Raisuli, leader of the Jebala tribes, west of the Riffians and now allied with them. Suddenly the Spanish army in the Riff was overwhelmed and almost totally destroyed. General Silvestre, seeing his life work in ruins and dead Spaniards all about him, killed himself—perhaps adding to the confusion. So many regulation French army rifles were found in Riffian hands that a cry of treachery went up. The charge was all the more serious because this arm is not sold to the trade at all, both gun and cartridges being manufactured only for the French Government. There seemed to be thousands of the rifles and unlimited ammunition. Of the origin of these we shall have more to say later.

The usual estimate of Spanish losses, as given by French officers, is about fifty thousand men. There were already some Spanish Mauser rifles in the Riff, smuggled or captured from outposts. Of course the Riffians did not capture a rifle for every Spaniard lost, but they apparently made up the difference by taking overstocked outposts, with cannon and shells as well as rifles and cartridges. The real problem was cartridges, as there were more captured carbines than men to use them. From 1921 on it is possible to account for all the ammunition the Riffians needed without in any way implicating the Germans, Russians, or French. The Spanish soldier, like many another on the Continent, regards his gun as a handle for his bayonet—at any rate his rifle fire is wasteful and ineffective. He wears a double bandoleer of some two hundred cartridges which he is said habitually to discard as soon as a retreat begins. Thus to save his own skin he abandons to the enemy the means of killing scores of his countrymen.

Another source of Riffian cartridges has been described to me by numerous eye-witnesses. The Arabs have a certain talent for graphic expression, so we may perhaps picture this condition best by quoting a Sheik, sent by the French to make observations at the Spanish front:

> I went up to the crest of the impregnable hill of X——, south of Melilla. Looking down the slope I saw a lot of tents, about a half mile away. "What the devil," I inquired of my Spanish guide, "are those people doing there, right at our gates?" "Oh, that's all right," he responded; "they are the ones who provision us." Sure enough, in a little while they began to come into the post with all sorts of hampers—even driving heavily laden donkeys. You know what the money of the Riff is. The Spaniards paid for those things largely in cartridges!

The Sheik was silent for a minute or more, gazing reflectively into his glass of mint-tea. He finally added:

> You hear people express amazement that the Riffians have been able to make war for four years. The answer is simple: they have not. They have had three and a half years of barter and four months of real fighting!

Most readers of these lines will recall Ibáñez's charge that in withdrawing to a "defensive line" near the coast, Primo de Rivera practically invited the Riffians to overrun and annex the Jebala country. Spain had taken Raisuli, already fatally ill with dropsy, as her ally in the peace of 1922. He

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had a great treasure of his own in addition to what she gave him, and was well stocked with ammunition. When Krim captured him eight months ago, not only did the gold and munitions go with him but the soldierly tribes of the Jebala added themselves to the Riffian unit. The gold came in handy for the purchase of further munitions, which were smuggled in through the international zone of Tangier and that occupied by the Spaniards, as well as into the ports actually controlled by the Riffians. Rivera's real defense for the withdrawal is one he does not dare make: that soldiers bartering military supplies on a "figurative" front inland may be doing more harm than they would idling in the rear where it is easier to watch them.

The rest is simple. Having immobilized the Spaniards, annexed the Jebala, and stocked himself with ammunition Krim took up the implied challenge of France when she occupied the ground north of the Ouergha in the spring of 1924. Many of these recently and imperfectly "pacified" tribes went over to the Riffians, taking their arms and ammunition as well as their man power with them. Still more military material fell into Krim's hands through the capture of French outposts, and the advancing Riffians were able to fight France largely with her own earlier partisans. Now that the Riffian advance is checked, Krim loses this cumulative power to make war without cost to himself, and must begin to draw upon his resources.

Newspapers have given much space to the problem of Krim's sources of ammunition from abroad. That problem is largely invented by French and Spanish military authorities for public effect. The marksmanship of those Riffian mountaineers is appalling. They do not waste cartridges, and they must still have a great many in reserve. Of course, they do import some, and the inter-allied blockade cannot possibly prevent it. I had it confidentially from a British naval officer on blockade duty that he hadn't fired on anybody, didn't have orders to do so, and that he inferred from his vague instructions that he must be especially careful about *not* doing the wrong thing. The activities of the Spanish navy since it gave us occasion for naval maneuvers in 1898 have not been impressive, and there are few French units along the Moroccan coast. I was assured by a group of French newspaper men in Tangier that the whole blockade was farcical, though they were not saying so in their dispatches. One had a rather impressive *dossier* on the international gun-running syndicate headed by a Captain Gardiner.

Thus the only real mystery about Krim's supplies is the original nest-egg of French Government rifles. Were Spanish suspicions justified; were the French helping Krim? Some of these rifles were identified as part of stocks captured by the Germans at Maubeuge and elsewhere during the Great War. Was Germany, then, engaged in arming the Riffian warriors? If so, where were these rifles between 1914 and 1921? They could hardly have been in Germany for more than two years after the setting up of the Allied control. Such speculations are useful in creating international distrust, but, privately, it is known by the authorities that at least some of these mysterious guns were bought by Krim from dealers in the Netherlands. In other words, in spite of Spanish charges against the French and French charges against the Germans, they were apparently sent to Morocco by neutral firms for private profit. A great war creates lethal implements by the million; and when it is over, these make new wars possible.

Crèvecœur the Loyalist

The Grotto: An Unpublished Letter from the American Farmer

Edited by H. L. BOURDIN and S. T. WILLIAMS

[*An event of interest to students of American history and American literature was the recent discovery in Paris of new "Letters from an American Farmer." For nearly a century and a half these manuscripts had lain in a trunk where J. Hector St. John de Crèvecœur, the "Farmer," had placed them. One of these letters has already been printed, and the rest are soon to appear in a volume called "Sketches of Eighteenth-Century America." "The Grotto," a description of a Tory refuge against the persecutions of American patriots, with sundry observations on these patriots, is an interesting corrective for the myth about Crèvecœur that he was during the revolution doubtful about his loyalty to the king. For some reason he chose to suppress those manuscripts which told the truth about his attitude. Crèvecœur was basically a loyalist. This record was written about 1778. Some parts which do not relate to the narrative have been omitted. The original orthography and punctuation of the manuscript have been retained.*]

THE spirit which animates the breast of our new people is a spirit of rancor which often becomes blind to its own future interest. 'Tis so with most passions given us for the most salutary purposes; they often transport us beyond the bonds intended. An old friend of mine suddenly disappeared at the same time that two of his neighbours were missing; this caused a great alarm among their connections and much greater ones among those who could have wished to have apprehended them, for they had been long suspicious. I made all the inquiries I possibly could but the universal distrust which possesses all minds was so great that nothing could be discovered. Different parties were sent to search the woods, to explore every place; the search proved vain.

This elopement so sudden and so private filled the country with surprise. Some were glad to see innocence escape the hands of tyranny, and the Rulers reproached themselves with their too tardy indulgence. But how cou'd they remain long concealed? They had left wives, children, great property, and these are ponderous chains which fasten men to their blocks. By repeated guesses and hints, by sollicitations, I was at last admitted into the secret: They were safe and at no great distance from their former habitations. It was not only the pleasure of seeing them I coveted as that of viewing the singular scituation of a retreat which had baffled the inimical ingenuity of the Times.

I was at last conducted to the spott, the most romantick I had ever seen. It was gloomy but not frightfull, entirely sequestred from common paths yet accessible, but only to the experienced foot. It might be called a pleasant habitation when compared to putrid gaols and narrower confinement. This was the azilum of security and silence, and who wou'd not have preferred this retreat to the vexations to which they might have been exposed. . . . I was led through the woods for a considerable distance, then ascended a pretty high ledge of rocks, not laid stratum

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super stratum but lying at various angles, then we descended into a valley which was so filled with fragments that we cou'd hardly pass along. We climbed over old decayed trees whose strong roots had once reached at a considerable distance among the crevices of the surface in quest of early subsistence, now laid prostrate. We passed under others which tho' living yet were so inclined and distorted as to make us afraid least they shou'd crush us in their fall. Quitting at last this valley, we passed by two large perpendicular rocks like a couple of huge pillars. I observed how a late thunderstorm had wasted its fury on a lofty spruce tree whose roots had reached at a great distance, the trunk was split in shivers, it had been stript of all its limbs and branches. Soon after this we suddenly turned to the south towards a spott almost devoid of vegetables but exceeding full of rattle snakes. Hard by was a morass incompassed all around with very craggy grounds which we were obliged to pass. It was a trembling surface, how formed? I cannot tell, supported by water which was not about 2½ feet distance under our feet as we experienced it by thrusting our poles down. On this doubtful surface there grew some bogs and great quantities of aquaticks: water elder, angelica, and some bushes of alder. We at last arrived on the opposite shore. As we were obliged to follow the shores where bushes grew thicker, we often pulled off our hats and stoop'd and scrambled to get through. Just as I was looking down and searching for a sure foothold, we felt a sudden agitation of the air and an uncommon noyse which startled us the more so as we apprehended being discovered or being the cause of the discovery of our friends. But, behold, it was a great heron we had disturbed from its nest. The great impediment he met with in the distention of his wings had caused both the strange noyse and uncommon agitation of air we had felt. Sometime after we agreed to rest a while, being extremely weary. The sun was scarcely an hour high. "How much farther is it?" asked ——"About ¼ of a mile," answered our guide.—"What a horrid part of the creation," observed another, "nothing is to be seen but useless morasses, broken rocks, thunder struck trees."—"Had it been created," said another, "for no other purpose than to save these gentlemen from popular fury, it seems to me that it wou'd be sufficient to extort from us some simbols of gratitude."—"We join you in the pleasing offering" said 3 unseen and unknown voices which appeared to be quite contiguous to us. We arose and looked at each other with astonishment, but perceiving our guide to smile, fear vanished from our wonder. We searched and examined every spott around us, but in vain. Just as we were returning to the stone on which we had set down, a moving green surface seem'd to open with difficulty and the 3 well known heads of our friends thrusting out, beckoned us to come in. No sooner had we entered than the door was immediately shutt.—"How can it be," said I, "that we have been a full ½ hour so close to the entrance of this grotto without having perceived it, and not even been able to discover the least traces of any aperture after we were convinced that the voices we had heard were not inimical? I was so near the pretended door that it struck my feet when it was open, yet with all my attention, was not able to trace the least representation of any such thing."—"So much the better," said a third, "if the eyes of friends overlook these mysteries of iniquity, it is to be hoped that the more hurried and less composed sight of enemies will search in vain as well as we."

This is really a most astonishing natural contrivance taken and view'd together. When we entered, a small fire covered with embers at about 30 feet distance was just perceivable. In the middle there hung a large lamp, the still light of which afforded us no other means of conducting ourselves through this gloomy habitation than as a distant landmark. It was a bacon to lead us towards the fire. Contiguous to what might be called a chimney there sat a small table, a book or two, a pair of spectacles, and a candle which was lighted soon after we came in. Its light was greatly dimm'd by a kind of rainbow proceeding I suppose from the dampness of the air. The first appearance of all these objects put me in mind of a sepulchral monument inhabited by some happy spirit permitted to revisit this peacable mansion in order to attone by new prayers for sins not yet expiated. This Grotto was the refuge of 3 worthy men who had preferred it to the more splendid ones of Court Houses and Publick Gaols.

—"Pray how long have you lived here gentlemen?"

—"3 months"

—"Nature seems to have done everything here for you, but sure I am that she did not condescend to make a door to this retreat."

—"No, it was sufficient for her to have built these impenetrable walls and to have laid on this huge roof, so we might well do the rest." I observed with pleasure the chairs they had contrived with crooked bows of trees fasten'd together with withes. A flatt smooth stone properly supported, served them for a table. They had enlarged a natural aperture on the west side so as to make it receive a casement of 4 paines of glass. At the north end, a passage was left, near where the roof stone joined the perpendicular wall; this they had converted into a chimney, thus what little vapor their coal fire exhaled was carried up, and the smoke of any other fewell might have betrayed them. In every other respect this Antre was hermetick and yet had no disagreeable smell, its floor partly of earth, partly sand was levell with the ground on which we rested before we came in, all the rest was composed of flatt slate stones which in some antient percution had accidently left the void in which we now stand. I perceived with surprise a small shelve full of books, one was a Critical Review of State tryals, another, Clarendon's History of his own time; those were used for implements of leisure and improvement. On the opposite side there hanged few fowls and gammons. After I had been there an hour I began to think that it was not so dreadful a hole as I had represented it to myself. . . . Their door was the most ingenious as well as the most awfull of their contrivances; in the interval which had been left by the antient fall of the roof stone, there was accidently left an aperture large enough to enter. To this opening they had fixed a wooden door made of thin boards the outside of which they had lined with a coarse blanket on which they sow'd large moss which being often watered allways appeared fresh and presented to the eyes nothing but the deceiving surface of a smooth mossy rock perfectly similar to the rest. On the left hand side there grew and flourished a large wild vine such as you often see in our forests; its limbs and branches extended a great way and covered great part of the south front as well as the roof. This appeared to have been planted on purpose, they luckily

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improved the fortunate hint and made a most excellent use of that which nature intended only for the food of birds and foxes. . . .

Warmed by the new kindled fire, animated by a few glasses of good wine, rejoiced at the safe scituation of our friends, we spent the most cheerfull evening at which nothing was wanted. The simplicity of our food and dishes rather enhanced the delicacy of our fare; we had none of those frivolous additions so common at the tables of the great, calculated rather to feed the vanity of the master than to replenish the stomack of the guests. We sat round this new made table, and where seats were wanting an extemporaneous pile of stone immediately supplied the deficiency. If this table was not impregnated with the royal dignity which King Arthur imparted to his own, we dignifyed this with various simbols of friendship and philosophy too insignificant to repeat, we planned various schemes for the future deliverance of our friends. Like true English patriots we drink'd health and success to the commanders who perhaps have no other intention than to amuse our hopes and fill their pockets. Wou'd you believe it, the noble song of Rule Britania, so expressive of the unanimous wishes of the company forced these american echoes to repeat it though much again their will. What a singular efficiency there is in these national songs! They inspire a sort of enthusiasm they fill the heart with a renovation of antient feelings and affections which distance may impair but not destroy, they often urge men to uncommon deeds, they contain an hidden efficacy well known to soldiers and sailors; this filled me with the most vivid sense. Oh Britain, what mass of wishes, what collection of desires has been formed in thy favour! Not one, I am afraid, has reached Heaven or crossed the Atlantick if we may judge by thy conduct. What are thy sons a doing? Where is thy national vigor, foresight, and wisdom? Must these, thy forward children, take thee by the beard and make the world believe thou art in the doting age? I cannot finish to delineate a thought from which I turn with horror. Will our mother country leave us to our destiny, destiny of jealousy, divisions of power, individual misery, hid beneath the gaudy splendor of premature independence?

In the Driftway

AN eminently sensible young man has just come into the possession of a fortune. His name does not matter; it is his actions just after the happy event that make him sensible. He heard that something like half a million dollars was suddenly and happily his own; immediately on discovering the news he gave up his job, that of collector for the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, and took his wife to a ball game. The Drifter, although he does not know him, is his friend and admirer for life. He is tired of the interviews with janitors, bricklayers, railroad engineers, librarians, et al., who announce that in spite of the million dollars they have just fallen heir to they propose to go on with their ordinary mode of living. Few occupations, the Drifter holds, are attractive enough to deserve such fidelity. Only a deplorable lack of imagination can account for it. To be sure, such tactics are always commended by the newspapers and by certain wealthy men who are occasionally questioned on the subject. The new heir, they say, refused to lose his head but decided that the occupation which he had followed for forty years was still good enough for him. How commendable! Nothing of the kind, the Drifter avers. The most becoming thing a man in such circumstances could do would be to lose his head. He may find it again later if he will; but for a while he ought to spend his time rejoicing in some novel and unexpected way.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not one of those who turn up their noses at the thought of sudden and large wealth. He would risk all the dangers of being plunged into such a state for the fun he knows he could get out of it. He has often wondered what he would do if he had a million dollars, but he knows that instant departure from his present daily task would be the first step. After that he might do a number of things: he might, for example, charter a sailing vessel the like of which is fast disappearing from the seas and start out on a voyage around the Horn or merely sail without objective up and down the seas; he might go to the most expensive restaurant he knows and order whatever he liked without ever once consulting the right side of the menu; he might mount a horse and explore certain sections of New Mexico and Arizona that have always beckoned to him; he might hire a gondola in Venice, not bargaining about the fare beforehand, and listen all day to the songs of his gondolier and to the shouts from the houses as he slipped by them; he might sit quietly at home with a pile of book catalogues before him and order every book that he wanted without a thought for the price.

* * * * *

THESE, he realizes, are the desires of someone who has always been poor. Doubtless more exotic wishes would appeal to one who, being rich, became suddenly richer. But there would always be something. If at the end strange scenes palled on him, if the edges of Spain looked no more alluring than the temples of Siam, if the Ganges beckoned no more strongly than the Orinoco, if he found himself longing for his own tongue, for his own way of living, for something like his own kind of people then—delightful thought—he could always come back to them. He would no more be compelled to exile than tied to home. That is the great advantage of riches; for, of course, the Drifter would not be one of those who took this wealth seriously. Having come by it through no agency of his own, he would lose it without too much regret. And lose it he certainly would, because the intricacies of finance are beyond him and his idea of managing a fortune is to leave it alone. Ultimately he would be poor again, and that would be the proper time for going on with his former occupation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The La Follette Trail in Wisconsin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just completed accompanying Mr. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., in his race for the Senate. I was on his staff handling publicity. The love and reverence of a people for a dead leader was constantly evident during these weeks of campaigning.

The Progressives with rare good judgment and a homage worthy of the memory of their dead leader laid aside personal ambitions and grouped themselves about Robert M. La Follette,

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Jr., the elder son who for six years had been secretary and intimate associate to his father. The campaign to fill the seat was by State statute a brief one, hardly more than three weeks being allowed for the primary race, and fourteen days thereafter election. For three weeks "Bobby," as they call him in Wisconsin, drove through the State "bringing the fight to the people." Everywhere he was met by large crowds. Early in the morning, in mid-afternoon, or late at night, regardless of time or place, the neighborhood was there to meet him. At first the opposition press belied the size of the gatherings. When this became too brazen they shouted: "Mere curiosity." Curiosity it was. The curiosity of farmers and workers, men and women who during a quarter of a century had been educated by this youth's father to question and examine candidate and platform, to ponder and deliberate, and to manifest interest and zeal in progressivism by coming out and scrutinizing the quality of the enunciator.

Day after day, at every meeting, the love and homage of a people for a dead leader was unfolded and the depth of his impress revealed. It was primarily the expression, the uncovering of the depth and quality of the liberalism that Robert Marion La Follette grounded in Wisconsin. When Bob Jr. came to the crowds he was watched, apprehensively. And then as the challenges to which they had stridden to the fight under his father rolled out, as the message of his life-long fight against monopoly and reaction was reaffirmed with a vividness that needs but a little while to make it famous in its own right, the joy of these throngs was awe-inspiring.

Appleton, Wisconsin, September 12 ROBERT S. ALLEN

Disarmament and Credit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The financial columns of the *Herald Tribune* today have an interesting bearing on the question of disarmament. They mention an offering of $30,000,000 kingdom of Denmark thirty-year 5½ per cent external-loan bonds priced at 99½. Proceeds of the loan are to be used to retire outstanding 8 per cent bonds, and the report indicates an active demand.

The Danish government bill in the Rigsdag for the abolition of the army and navy, the disarmament of all fortifications, and the disbanding of all volunteer corps was mentioned in your issue of December 24, 1924. While the measure has not yet been adopted, it is not unlikely that a few years will see it in force. Presumably the bankers are fully aware of the situation, but do they shake in their shoes at the prospect of little Denmark venturing about unarmed in the jungle of Europe with Germany on one side and Red Russia a near neighbor? Not so you'd notice it. If their money talks, apparently it is saying that they believe Denmark is going to be more secure than it has been in the past.

New York, July 29 PAUL JONES

Believe It or Not

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sinclair Lewis's observations on the Hun in *The Nation* for July 1 remind me of a shameful experience I myself had with the self-same dreadful Huns. Away back in 1910, when the world was still safe for democracy and when we still looked upon the Germans as honest, peaceful, intellectual human beings (today no hundred-per-center considers them such)—back in those already ancient days I translated Mitchell's "Last American" into Esperanto. Being no seer, prophet, fortune teller, or son of a native son, I made the supreme blunder of picking a German publisher, and in that most terrible of all German cities, Berlin. No iron-bound contract was drawn up stating in unmistakable terms exactly what my remuneration was to be; a brief letter stated in a matter-of-fact way that a certain sum was to be mine upon the appearance of a second edition. This letter was subsequently lost, leaving me at the mercy of the Hun editors.

Meanwhile hell broke loose in all Christian (?) lands and Germany became the Beelzebub of the nations. In the turmoil I dismissed all thoughts about my little book because none but a fool would ever again expect sane, honest treatment from a bunch of degenerate Huns.

Some months ago I discovered in *Esperanto*, official organ of the Universal Esperanto Association, that a second edition of my book had just come off the press. My address was not the same as it was in 1910, so I wrote to the publishers to see what they would do in the matter of remuneration. I did it as a joke, of course; I knew beforehand that I would receive an insulting reply.

In due time came a letter from the publishers written in most courteous Esperanto. The politeness was for effect, most likely. I was told that the company had changed hands three times since the first publication of the book, that no contract could be found anywhere, that the then owner was now residing in Italy, and that a letter from him was to the effect that he could recall nothing about the matter.

Well, so much for German honesty! I might have known that I could expect nothing else from such a source. I was ready to tear the letter into shreds and throw them in the fire, but my better judgment told me to read the final paragraph. That paragraph stated that ten copies of the book were being sent to me and then asked if a certain sum in gold marks would be acceptable. This sum, upon investigation, proved to be just one dollar less than the pre-war sum agreed upon, and as soon as my letter of acceptance reached the publishers their check was promptly forwarded.

Minneapolis, July 7 LEHMAN WENDELL

Bishop Brown's Beliefs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An interesting article in *The Nation* of August 19 by Charles W. Wood, entitled Religion Becomes News, ended with this extraordinary sentence: "If the Protestant Episcopal Church decides that a bishop is at liberty to believe whatever he can find out, the conflict between science and religion may soon be resolved."

Neither the Episcopal church nor any other church needs to decide that a bishop is at liberty to believe whatever he can find out. A bishop, like anyone else, is always free to believe whatever he chooses. A bishop is at liberty to believe that the whole Christian faith is false, just as a banker is at liberty to believe that the whole banking system is a fraudulent scheme to extract money from the poor, or an insurance man to believe that life insurance is a useless waste of money, or a ship captain to believe that his ship will never reach port. It is commonly assumed by sensible people that if bankers or insurance men or ship captains believe such things they should resign from their positions. There are still people in the church who think that a bishop who maintains that the whole Christian faith is false should resign from his office. This is the real question at issue in regard to Bishop Brown, which will finally be settled at the coming General Convention in New Orleans.

It is difficult to see how Bishop Brown's belief or lack of belief can have the slightest connection with any alleged conflict between science and religion. Most authoritative men of science today, as well as most accredited representatives of religion, do not believe that there is any conflict between science and religion. Certainly the unrepresentative opinions of Bishop Brown can have little bearing either upon science or upon religion.

New York, August 29 SELDEN P. DELANY,
Editor, *American Church Monthly*

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The "Old Feminists"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a mistake to say that "the old feminists were anti-man." Some were; but the great majority were not.

When the woman's rights movement in England was being denounced as a rebellion of embittered spinsters, its three chief divisions were led by three gray-haired widows: Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, who had been eyes and hands for years to the blind Postmaster General of England; the saintly Mrs. Charlotte Despard; and Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst. Even the redoubtable Mrs. Pankhurst, who was looked upon as the very embodiment of the anti-man spirit, was nothing of the sort. Holding forth to me one day with motherly pride upon the good qualities of her daughter Christabel, she added, with a soft light in her bright eyes: "I gave her the right kind of a father."

In the United States, Lucretia Mott's husband stood by her in every way. Someone said he had never seen such a look of happiness on any human face as on James Mott's when Lucretia was making an eloquent address and he sat holding her Quaker bonnet. Lucy Stone had a faithful and able coadjutor in Henry B. Blackwell. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's five sons were in sympathy with her. Julia Ward Howe was an ardent lover—witness some of her poems. Mary A. Livermore said it was her husband who converted her to woman suffrage and encouraged and urged her to undertake public work when she distrusted her own powers. Dr. Livermore was exceedingly fond and proud of her. He would drop in at the *Woman's Journal* office and say, with conviction: "There never was such another woman as Mary Livermore—never!" The union of the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell and Samuel C. Blackwell was ideally happy; after forty years of marriage they were still like lovers.

Three prominent suffragists, representing New York, Indiana, and Kansas, were great friends, but had a standing disagreement on one point: each insisted that her own husband was the best husband in existence. At one of the early suffrage fairs in Boston many of the husbands—busy men who seldom got out to meeting—had come with their wives to help open boxes and barrels. As I passed through the different departments of the fair, a whole series of women seized upon me, one after another, each exclaiming: "I want you to meet my husband. He is the best man in the world!"

Those of the old feminists who were unmarried had a band of able and valiant masculine co-workers, to whom they were warmly grateful, from the day when William Lloyd Garrison refused to take his seat in the World's Anti-Slavery Convention because the women delegates were excluded down to the very end. The woman's rights movement was never a conflict of women against men. It was always a struggle between progressive men and women on one side and conservative men and women on the other. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt (herself twice married and both times happily) put the case in a nutshell when she said: "The enemy is not man but conservatism."

Chilmark, Mass., August 27 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

A Comment from the South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* makes me sick. You are so hipped on the Negro question that you say "white woman" and then go out of the way to say "a young colored lady." Along with several of my friends I have written a number of letters to *The Nation* giving the Southerner's viewpoint, but you fail to print them. Instead you tell the people through your columns what we do and think, and generally it's wrong. You say cowards rule in Tennessee. Is zat so? It certainly is not news. Cowards rule in New York—items, Lusk, birth control—*and everywhere else for that matter.* You infer that everyone opposed to the child-labor amendment is a reactionary, and that is just as foolish as to say that a man opposed to prohibition is a reactionary and that a man is a Bolshevik because he voted for Bob La Follette. *The Nation* approaches its subjects just like other American magazines—that is, from its own particular angle. *The Nation* is undoubtedly the best paper of its kind in America because I permit it to pain me fifty-two times out of every year, but that's not saying much. And don't think it's smart just to make people angry. If you go out of your way to do these things in order to vent your own viewpoint on someone else *for that purpose only* (you frequently boast of making people angry) you accomplish nothing.

San Antonio, Texas, July 15 MAURY MAVERICK

He Wants Facts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It takes your paper to get the facts. Facts I am looking for, and this is the reason I so eagerly look forward to its receipt weekly.

Detroit, July 14 S. W. EIGES

The Rising Tide of Youth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A torchlight parade on the Fourth of July is undoubtedly appropriate; but a torchlight parade of *Socialists,* requiring forty-five minutes to pass a given point, tying up traffic precisely as if it were a parade of the American Legion, and carrying more red flags in one night than have been carried in the United States since the landing of the Pilgrims, would hardly meet the approval of the New York bomb squad. For, what could be a graver act of lese majeste than to hold a parade of revolutionists (just before I left the United States, hardly a month ago, I heard Socialists referred to as "revolutionists") on the birthday of the American Revolution?

The New York bomb squad missed one of its great opportunities by not spending July 4 in Vienna. It could have arrested almost as many children as it liked. For the parade, with the exception of the musicians, was composed of children.

From a point near the Wiener Bank Verein it moved into the Ring and marched toward the Opera. Massed, and waiting to begin its march, the procession might have been a new army mobilizing against a new Bastille. Thousands of gleaming torches under a radiant blue sky. That was from a distance. When it came nearer, with its crimson banners and its wistful childish faces, it looked like nothing so much as the Sunday-school parades in Brooklyn on Anniversary Day. Or it would have looked that way had it not been that the children were so poorly clad.

The Children's Crusade was nothing compared with what is beginning in Central Europe today. I have seen the children marching in Berlin and in Vienna; and their footsteps are awakening echoes that will never die out.

The power of this sort of thing is almost inconceivable; but I think I can indicate something of the compulsion it exerts. A week ago I was sitting with a friend in front of the Romanische Cafe, in the shadow of the Kaisersgedenkniskirche, in Berlin. She was damning my radicalism in a most satisfyingly thorough manner when, suddenly, we heard voices singing "The Internationale" and a Communist parade entered the square. My friend looked, then looked away, and then began to weep.

"I can't help it," she said. "I think I understand."

Vienna, July 4 NELSON JUNIUS SPRINGER

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From the Continent's End

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

Birds

The fierce musical cries of a couple of sparrow-hawks hunting on the headland,
Hovering and darting, their heads northwestward,
Prick like silver arrows shot through a curtain the noise of the ocean
Trampling its granite; their red backs gleam
Under my window around the stone corners; nothing gracefuller, nothing
Nimbler in the wind. Westward the wave-gleaners,
The old gray sea-going gulls are gathered together, the northwest wind wakening
Their wings to the wild spirals of the wind-dance.
Fresh as the air, salt as the foam, play birds in the bright wind, fly falcons
Forgetting the oak and the pine-wood, come gulls
From the Carmel sands and the sands at the river-mouth, from Lobos and out of the limitless
Power of the mass of the sea, for a poem
Needs multitude, multitudes of thoughts, all fierce, all flesh-eaters, musically clamorous
Bright hawks that hover and dart headlong, and ungainly
Gray hungers fledged with desire of transgression, salt slimed beaks, from the sharp
Rock-shores of the world and the secret waters.

Haunted Country

Here the human past is dim and feeble and alien to us
Our ghosts draw from the crowded future.
Fixed as the past how could it fail to drop weird shadows
And make strange murmurs about twilight?
In the dawn twilight metal falcons flew over the mountain,
Multitudes, and faded in the air; at moonrise
The farmer's girl by the still river is afraid of phantoms,
Hearing the pulse of a huge city
Move on the water-meadow and stream off south; the country's
Children for all their innocent minds
Hide dry and bitter lights in the eye, they dream without knowing it
The inhuman years to be accomplished,
The inhuman powers, the servile cunning under pressure,
In a land grown old, heavy and crowded.
There are happy places that fate spares; here is not one of them;
The tides of the brute womb, the excess
And weight of life spilled out like water, the last migration
Gathering against this holier valley-mouth
That knows its fate beforehand, the flow of the womb, banked back
By the older flood of the ocean, to swallow it.

Fog

Invisible gulls with human voices cry in the sea-cloud:
"There is room, wild minds,
Up high in the cloud; the web and the feather remember
Three elements, but here
Is but one, and the webs and the feathers
Subduing but the one
Are the greater, with strength and to spare." You dream, wild criers,
The peace that all life
Dreams gluttonously, the infinite self that has eaten
Environment, and lives
Alone, unencroached on, perfectly gorged, one God.
Caesar and Napoleon
Visibly acting their dream of that solitude, Christ and Gautama,
Being God, devouring
The world with atonement for God's sake . . . ah sacred hungers,
The conqueror's, the prophet's,
The lover's, the hunger of the sea-beaks, slaves of the last peace,
Worshipers of oneness.

Boats in a Fog

Sports and gallantries, the stage, the arts, the antics of dancers,
The exuberant voices of music,
Have charm for children but lack nobility; it is bitter earnestness
That makes beauty; the mind
Knows, grown adult.
A sudden fog-drift muffled the ocean,
A throbbing of engines moved in it,
At length, a stone's throw out, between the rocks and the vapor,
One by one moved shadows
Out of the mystery, shadows, fishing-boats, trailing each other,
Following the cliff for guidance,
Holding a difficult path between the peril of the sea-fog
And the foam on the shore granite.
One by one, trailing their leader, six crept by me,
Out of the vapor and into it,
The throb of their engines subdued by the fog, patient and cautious,
Coasting all round the peninsula
Back to the buoys in Monterey harbor. A flight of pelicans
Is nothing lovelier to look at;
The flight of the planets is nothing nobler; all the arts lose virtue
Against the essential reality
Of creatures going about their business among the equally
Earnest elements of nature.

Ben Jonson

Ben Jonson. Edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Volumes I and II: *The Man and His Work.* Oxford University Press. $14 the set.

FOR more than a century Gifford's edition of Ben Jonson has held the field, authoritative and unrivaled save by sporadic issues of individual plays. Now at length its long day is waning, for the first instalment of the definitive edition upon which Messrs. Herford and Simpson have been at work for many years has appeared. Eight more volumes, to contain Jonson's dramas, masques, entertainments, non-dramatic verse, and prose, together with critical introductions and elaborate commentaries, are promised. These two introductory volumes present the great bulk of the editorial matter: a "Life"; all

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the extant documents (with two exceptions to be noted presently) from contemporary sources, including a reprint of the Conversations with Drummond and all but one of Jonson's letters; and a series of introductions to the several plays, the masques, the poems, "Discoveries," and "The English Grammar." If much is gained by the compact form in which all the requisite information is here assembled, something is lost by the separation of the introductions from the works with which they deal. Moreover, until the other volumes are before us, it is impossible in fairness to comment upon apparent *lacunae* which the editors probably plan to fill in in the separate commentaries which are to follow. The treatment of the theory of humours, for example, is less exhaustive than in Mr. Simpson's edition of "Every Man in His Humour" (1919); there is more to be said about the theory and practice of alchemy, about Bartholomew Fair, about the fire which destroyed Jonson's library, about Jonson's relations with John Fletcher, and other matters. We are entitled to expect more detailed information later on; meanwhile the editors are entitled to our confident expectations.

Much of the editorial labor has been expended upon the assembling, ordering, and interpretation of facts previously known but never before so well set forth; but several documents are here printed for the first time, more perhaps than we could have hoped for at so late a date. Mr. W. A. White of New York has with the generosity which characterizes his relations with scholars allowed three hitherto unpublished letters by Jonson, respecting the imprisonment for his part in the "Eastward Ho" affair, to appear. A deed of assignment (1621) in which Jonson assigns a half-year's annuity to one John Hull is also published for the first time. Other practically unknown documents are gathered together from the periodicals in which they were first printed. An invaluable compilation, ranking almost as documentary evidence, is the catalogue of books in Jonson's library which survived, or were purchased after, the fire and which are still extant. The number and variety of these books is surprisingly large. The editors have taken all possible pains in the difficult task of the detection and indication of forged signatures and inscriptions. The amassing of documents would, then, be complete were it not for two astonishing and disgusting facts concerning which it is best to quote the editors' own very moderate words:

> One collector in America, who owns an unprinted letter of Jonson, has refused to answer an inquiry about it; one collector in England has withheld a manuscript note of a contemporary of Jonson giving a new fact about his life. With these two exceptions we have experienced the utmost generosity at the hands of collectors and scholars.

As it is inconceivable that such contemptible and unworthy misers are readers of *The Nation*, comment is unnecessary.

The editors have worked in a partnership so happy and so successful that any precise indication of their respective shares in the common task is neither possible nor desirable. It may be said, however, that most of the spade-work of research has been done by Mr. Simpson who is also responsible for the documentation, the commentaries, and the introductions to Jonson's prose. The biography, planned by both "twin-brethren," is in its final form from Professor Herford's pen, as are the introductions to the dramas, masques, and poems. The strictly new material alters very little the established outline of Jonson's life. None the less this biography is of exceptional value for the brilliant light which it casts upon the man's character and literary ideals, his friendships and quarrels, and his whole milieu. No other Elizabethan stands so completely before us in his habit as a man. We can visualize Ben Jonson in the round, with that life-like verisimilitude with which the great figures of literature in later centuries come before us. In comparison with him the dramatists who were his fellows are but shadows of names. And this is due to the fact that he was not only a dramatist but a satirist, moralist, and critic; and not only a man of letters in this larger sense but also a man of the world, in touch with large affairs, commanding important and influential friendships and no less significant enmities. He was a great though unequal artist, a tremendous though sometimes blundering satirist, a learned though unsystematic critic. These qualities would have immortalized his writings but they would not have availed to stamp the impression of his personality upon the English mind. All the comparatively abundant evidence shapes itself into a consistent and highly individual figure. The man who slew his enemy in the Low Countries and afterwards another enemy in London; who was imprisoned for his share in "The Isle of Dogs" and again for his part in "Eastward Ho"; who fixed lasting ridicule upon his rivals in the stage quarrel; who turned Roman Catholic when self-interest demanded that he adhere to the established faith, yet was ready to inform Salisbury of "Romish" plots; who walked from London to Edinburgh and talked with Drummond for a month on end; whose early turbulence gradually subsided into a rugged serenity; who was on intimate terms with many courtly persons and the close friend of the greatest scholars of his age; who came to be surrounded by admiring "sons" and reigned without dispute at the literary foregatherings in the London taverns; who outlived his popularity but not his self-esteem—this man was one of the great personalities produced by the English race. His face is familiar to us; in many a recorded conversation we can catch the very tones of his burly voice; his "mountain belly" as he presides at the Apollo or Devil Tavern looms up before us hardly more mistily than does the shabby waistcoat of his even more familiar great namesake of the eighteenth century.

Professor Herford illuminates this already so distinct personality. In considering Ben Jonson it is the personality that counts. And it is the personality that establishes this man among the immortal figures of our literature. This it is which explains the most familiar of all English epitaphs. Jonson's "rarity" did not consist in his own day and certainly does not consist today in his dramas, which were never enormously popular and which are now very infrequently revived; nor does it consist in his truculent powers as a satirist; nor in his learning; nor even in his occasional snatches of exquisite lyric melody. Professor Herford remarks that Jonson's persistent air of contending against the tide is inconsistent with the fact that the tide was in many respects running in his favor. There is this of truth, however, in Jonson's pose of isolation, that so strong, so rugged, so intensely individual a man could not but stand out among, if not against, his fellows. He is "rare" because he is unique.

So much for the man; when his editors produce the later volumes of their truly monumental work we shall follow his own counsel to the reader of Shakespeare and

> . . . looke
> Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Professor Channing Continues

A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Volume VI. *The War for Southern Independence.* The Macmillan Company. $4.75.

COMMENTING upon the question whether or not Stephen A. Douglas must have realized the effect which the Kansas-Nebraska bill of 1854 would have, Professor Channing remarks: "One of the first things that the historical student learns to distrust is the vitality of the prophetic vision of himself or of anyone else in ages past. Prophesying is the most dangerous of all historical pursuits and also of political pursuits." To the philosophy which these sentences embody Professor Chan-

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ning adheres, in this volume of his "History" as in the previous ones, with a considerable measure of consistency. To be sure, he has not been able wholly to resist the temptation to speculate regarding what might have happened if things had been different. The belief, for example, that the election of Bell and Everett in 1860 would have averted secession seems to him to have much to support it, although it is hard to see how he can imagine that those two respectabilities could under any circumstances have won a majority of the electoral votes in the then state of public opinion. Such deviations, however, do not impinge much upon the general theory or its application. What is more, Professor Channing is not only averse to prophecy, but he is even more incorrigibly averse to taking anybody's word for what happened until he has himself inquired into the credibility of the narrator and the life history of his story. If we have had no American historian who has subjected the sources to a more thorough personal examination than has Professor Channing, we also have none who is less a respecter of persons and traditional opinions than he.

The result of this detached attitude appears less in the general outline of the fifteen-years story which this volume tells than in the treatment of particular episodes and the judgments which are passed upon leading personages and their acts. Webster is defended for his Seventh of March Speech on the Compromise of 1850, and "no more painful, no more unjustifiable, lines" are to be found in "American poesy" than those in which Whittier branded Webster as Ichabod. Buchanan's course is treated without further blackening his reputation, John Brown's career is sympathetically recounted, and while many will think that less than justice is done to Lee, the work of Jefferson Davis is favorably exhibited. Anyone who imagines, however, from the subtitle of the volume, or from the apparently complete lack of references to rebellion, or the political immorality of secession, or the superior moral purpose of the North as a prime reason for winning the war, that the South and its leaders are receiving a clean bill of health will not be long in discovering his error. The Civil War was indeed a war for Southern independence, and the merits of the controversy and the relative resources of the combatants were not so unevenly matched that praise or blame should attach exclusively to either, but Professor Channing is clear that by the middle of the nineteenth century "two distinct social organizations had developed within the United States," and that they were so far divergent that they "could not continue indefinitely to live side by side within the walls of one government, even within the walls of so loosely constructed a system as that of the United States under the Constitution." Given these conditions, a war of separation was inevitable.

It is this point of view which, in the main, is kept in sight throughout the volume. A brief survey in the first chapter of economic and social conditions North and South illustrates the divergence of system just referred to, as the account of the Compromise of 1850 and Southern interest in the territorial extension of slavery shows its political bearings. Older readers will perhaps be struck by the relatively small place assigned to Abolition as a political or moral force in the period, and the chapter on "bleeding Kansas" is a model of reduction to scale. For Lincoln, "that God-inspired man," Professor Channing has little criticism, but for the Lincoln following in 1860 he has some sharp words. "Undoubtedly a very large part of the support of the Republican Party," he writes, "came from persons who had no scruple of conscience, but had great desire to hold public office," and most of the Lincoln supporters, the small number of out and out Abolitionists aside, "were those who wished for a change in the economic policy of the federal government." Professor Channing's strictures on the military operations of the Civil War, together with his estimate of the comparative importance of campaigns or movements, are too technical a subject to be gone into here, and the military critics will probably continue to take sides notwithstanding his balanced presentation of the evidence, but the more than usual praise of McClellan may at least be mentioned. What brought the war to an end, next to the continued success of the Union armies, was the reelection of Lincoln in 1864. With that event the South lost heart. Professor Channing regards it as "at least open to debate how far the collapse of the Confederacy can be attributed to the lack of essential supplies," and it appears to him that "the Southern people, had they so wished, could have held out for a long time," but "by the summer of 1864, and even more so by December of that year, the will to fight had gone from large sections of the Southern people."

Certain adverse criticisms which have been passed upon the preceding volumes of Professor Channing's work hold true, in the main, of this latest instalment. The work is relatively weak on the economic and social side notwithstanding a considerable use of economic and social data, and on the history of the States, although the latter lack is in part made good by an admirable chapter on the Ohio Valley States. The foreign relations of the United States get only brief examination, and the account of federal administration and the work of Congress during the war leaves a good deal unsaid. It is, in short, political history, and to the political aspect of things the other matters are made to contribute. But within these limits it is a noble work, rich in sound learning, marvelously free from any kind of bias, and aiming straightforwardly at the truth as the author sees it. One may indeed hope that the years will be generous with the scholar as his task now three-fourths done goes forward to its end.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Humane Warfare

Callinicus: A Defense of Chemical Warfare. By J. B. S. Haldane. Today and Tomorrow Series. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

CHEMICAL warfare has yet to find its General Mitchell. The die-hard opposition to it on the part of older line officers has created a situation analogous to that in which the aeroplane formerly found itself. Opposition persists and has been strongly expressed at the Geneva Conference. It is based on ignorance; it speaks the fear of the unknown, for chemistry must long remain for the general public a vast and pregnant mystery.

Mr. Haldane injects a pungent dose of fact and clever raillery. He speaks down as only a well-informed English scientist can. His scorn is for the sentimental pacifist and for the "military mind"; and his dear reader escapes with a chuckle. He gives a clear discussion of the four chief types of useful chemicals, with striking instances of their uses. They are effective and humane. A typical picture is the capture, quite unwounded, of 2,400 poilus by means of a bombardment of tear gas. Temporarily blinded, they were disarmed and led off by "a German in goggles." "In order to make future wars humane," says Mr. Haldane, "it would only be necessary to introduce the two following rules: (1) No goggles or other eye protection shall be worn; (2) no shells shall be used containing any other substances save ethyl iodo-acetate (or other lachrymatory compound) and a small bursting charge. Certainly it is unlikely that such rules will ever be adopted, but I do contend that to forbid the use of such substances is a piece of sentimentalism as cruel as it is ridiculous." He sketches the enormous possibilities which chemical warfare still holds and advocates its study and extension. In short: "I have no sympathy whatever for Mr. Facing-both-ways when he says that, though he is prepared on occasion to fight, he will not use these nasty new-fangled weapons." He is keen and true.

Nevertheless this special pleading is a descent from the heights of "Daedalus" and "Icarus," two volumes in the same

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series which now are famous. That startling debate on the value of science, a precious primer for all sophomores, in college or out, by men who know whereof they write and write exceedingly well, is a judgment on science and a warning to a stupid world. Well may the complacent fundamentalist beware the day when biologists attain their stride and advance to the rank of creative scientists. For Daedalus "was the first to demonstrate that the scientific worker is not concerned with gods." And Bertrand Russell in "Icarus" has sounded the warning. If Mr. Haldane's predictions in "Daedalus" come true, if the gifts of science come to a world unprepared and unworthy, the present situation in chemical warfare will be but a prelude to major disasters. The challenge is to the social and moral sciences; if they do not keep pace mankind must perish by its very power over nature and over itself.

GERALD L. WENDT

Second Best

The Professor's House. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THERE is nothing which reveals more clearly the most characteristic defect of modern fiction than the fact that the theme—even the chief substance—of most contemporary novels is easily reduced to abstract intellectual terms; and there is nothing that indicates more clearly the nature of Miss Willa Cather's peculiar excellence than the fact that the intention of her works generally defies any such attempt at restatement. It is not merely that one would find it difficult to say what "My Antonía" proves, but that it would be almost equally difficult either to define the author's attitude or to describe the effect produced; and even when, as in "A Lost Lady," there is unmistakably a theme, it remains as in solution, never crystallizing into an entity separate from the story which embodies it. The quality of the emotion aroused is perfectly distinct; toward the lady in question we have an attitude different from that inspired by any other person; but from the author we get no hint how we may analyze the subtle guilt of her heroine or how we may formulate our charge against her.

Miss Cather begins, one is led to suspect, not with an intellectual conviction which is to be translated into characters and incidents but with an emotional reaction which she endeavors to recapture in her works; and she completes the whole creative process without ever having, herself, imperiled the fresh richness of the emotion by subjecting it to analysis. Some incident observed in life or recalled to memory appears in her imagination surrounded by an aura of feeling. It reverberates through her mind, awaking complicated echoes and making many strings vibrate with sympathetic overtones from which a haunting chord of music, soft but intricate and new, is born. As an artist her task is not to resolve this chord into its constituents nor to describe the strings from which it comes, but so to reproduce the various elements of her apperception as to transfer it bodily to the mind of her reader. She is not one of those who, knowing our stops, plays what melody she will upon them, but one whose skill consists in her ability to reconstruct a situation by which she herself has been moved.

Being essentially an intuitive artist she is at some times markedly more successful than at others, and her new novel is not among her best. Its method is characteristically hers, for though the theme is fairly distinct it never degenerates into a thesis; her story of a scholar whose faith in life fails him when he sees how fortuitous wealth destroys the spiritual integrity of his family is never made, as most contemporary writers would have made it, "an indictment of commercialism"; and, being always rather elegiac than argumentative or bitter in tone, its effects are purely artistic ones. Yet in spite of many fine touches it does not live up to the promise of the earlier pages. Fragmentary and inconclusive, it starts off in several different directions but never quite arrives at any of the proposed destinations.

The initial mistake was, I think, the elaboration of the character whose story constitutes the second of the three parts into which the novel is divided. Miss Cather has wished to multiply the incidents which produce in the professor his dominant mood—the result of a conviction that while achievement is good its rewards, whether reaped by those to whom they are due or by others, are invariably evil. For this purpose she invents a young student who turns up at the university and carelessly presents the professor with some priceless Indian pottery which he had discovered in the West. Later he invents a vague but wonderful gas, rushes away to be killed in the war, and leaves it to the professor's bright son-in-law to commercialize the invention. In a fashion this young hero runs away with the story. He is glamorous, he has adventures, and he furnishes the reflection about which the whole book turns: "Fellows like Outland don't carry much luggage, yet one of the things you know them by is their sumptuous generosity—and when they are gone, all you can say of them is that they departed leaving princely gifts." Yet he has no business to dwarf as he does the professor, for he is not made one-tenth so interesting nor is he by any means so richly conceived. The professor's household was, I would be willing to wager, the observed or remembered situation with which the book started. It is the fact which appeared to the author with that aura of feeling of which I have spoken, and Outland is largely an invention. He is merely a hero, almost an abstraction; he has attributes but he has no character; and he is only very superficially convincing. Put beside Outland even the casually indicated Marcellus, the active son-in-law, and the former pales to a shadow.

In "The Professor's House" there is much that is very beautiful—passages which only Miss Cather could have written. Taken as a whole, however, the book is a disappointment to those who know how good her best work can be.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Miguel de Unamuno

Essays and Soliloquies. By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated from the Spanish with an introduction by J. E. Crawford Flitch. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

EVERY system of philosophy, every attitude toward the universe which has any claim at all to our attention, will be found to imply a code of ethics, just as every code of ethics will be found to rest upon an attitude toward the universe. For a system of philosophy which exerted no influence upon our actions would find itself without justification or significance other than as an intellectual game, while a manual of practice must look further afield than the immediate needs of the individual which it is to serve if it at all seeks to obtain harmony between him and the universe. This truism will not suffer by reiteration here, because it is the only approach to philosophy which has human relevancy at all. A philosophy which does not answer satisfactorily the question "How does it help me to live the life of reason, in a world in which such life appears at best as a taunting mad ideal?"—such a philosophy would hardly deserve the name. And any other question which we may ask of it, while it may perhaps give rise to interesting problems, will hardly touch at all upon the *raison d'être* of philosophy—its affective roots.

Examined from such an angle Unamuno will be found sadly wanting. His attitude toward the universe, negative in its consequences, is incapable of illuminating or guiding action when that action is directed toward the practical business of living. And his code of practice, built upon negative foundations, when it is at all apparent (as in "La Vida de Don

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Quijote y Sancho Panza") is rudimentary, narrow, anti-social, and therefore irrational. It does not flower from a desire to achieve harmony between the individual and a hostile world, but appears rather to have been consciously designed to keep the individual in a state of chaotic strife with himself and with the world. The result of that atrophy in his moral development is spiritual dissolution and practical despair. And, also, a complete separation from the world of reality. Like Don Quixote in the wine cellar, he finds himself striking against enemies as elusive as shadows in the dark, and the ease with which he vanquishes them makes him seriously doubt their existence.

From a slightly different angle, the reason for that estrangement between Unamuno's ideal and his practical life is sufficiently radical to furnish the best criticism of his ideology. And the reason is that the problem which he has set himself to solve—the tragic sentiment of life, as he calls it; the conflict, that is to say, between the heart that desires immortality and reason that denies its possibility—is a fantastic one. To us moderns at least who have accepted with more or less difficulty, but accepted nevertheless, the conclusions of science, his flutter about immortality will appear at first blush ridiculous. Our point of disagreement with him does not lie in the different attitude toward immortality which we may take, but on something more fundamental than that. For beyond the possibility of immortality lies the question of the transcendental nature of the ego. If instead of amusing himself with positing the question and deducing conclusions from it before solving it he had set himself to find out with the aid of science exactly what he meant by that soul of his for which he desires eternal life, the ineluctable character of the conflict would have disappeared. He would have come to see, as the mechanists have, that the soul, that I of Miguel de Unamuno of which he so vehemently speaks, is a vague name for a wanton wedding of elements having no reason, in an absolute moral sense, other than that which we may arbitrarily thrust upon it, and no permanence other than that which we may fortuitously snatch for it from the teeth of fate.

The question we have now to answer is whether, in the throes of that tragic sentiment of which he finds himself the prey, Unamuno has had the courage to yield free scope to his intellectual curiosity. Though we may not accuse him of insincerity we may charge him with intellectual negligence. For had he been moved by a passionate desire for the truth, rather than for an easy pragmatic satisfaction, he would have sought to sink the foundations of his intellectual life on the only firm soil given to us today—the evidence of science. But his romantic loyalty for an outdated ideology has blinded him to the fact that he has built it upon the shifting sands of a faith which can advance no better proof of its validity than the arbitrary whims of his own heart.

However, Unamuno is a disturbing voice to his contemporaries because he gives expression, in an age which finds itself the battle-ground of two fundamentally exclusive ways of thinking, to the older way—and in terms so poignantly vivid that one cannot fail to realize their vital significance. But for one who has already made up his mind the intrinsic value of his thought ends here. Any other value he may possess is only symptomatic.

Perhaps the nature of Unamuno's problem will not be evident in these essays, although Spirituality and Intellectuality, My Religion, and Arbitrary Reflexions adumbrate it from various angles. Unamuno, to be completely understood—and refuted—needs be completely read. Nor is the task of refutation an easy one. For while one's mind may abstract itself from the passionate influence of his arguments, one's heart will find it difficult to remain impassive to their subtle caresses. And it is to the heart, and not to the mind, that he addresses himself.

ELISEO VIVAS

Books in Brief

The Earth Speaks to Bryan. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

It is natural that Mr. Osborn should reply, in behalf of the earth, to Mr. Bryan, who represents God. The two have much in common. Both are dogmatic and long-winded, and both quote the Bible abundantly. Mr. Osborn is a paleontologist of distinction; he tells us here a little of the Neanderthal man and the Cro-Magnon man, more of the religious beliefs of the doctors who taught him in his youth, and gives fascinating sidelights on his dinner-table conversations with bishops and archbishops.

The History of Materialism. By Frederick Albert Lange. With an Introduction by Bertrand Russell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

A new edition of a classic, with an introduction explaining materialism as a product of dogmatism. "At the present day the chief protagonists of materialism are certain men of science in America and certain politicians in Russia, because it is in those two countries that traditional theology is still powerful."

A Good Man. By George F. Hummel. Boni and Liveright. $2.

What the novelist himself calls the "level of light banter" is consistently and entertainingly maintained in this novel. Mr. Hummel is a swift, if somewhat superficial, observer; he is a smooth as well as a shrewd narrator. His study of the suburban Don Juan—a business and woman go-getter—is an engaging piece of fiction.

Ethan Quest: His Saga. By Harry Hervey. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

Something more than the empty gesture of romance has gone into this novel. Glamor of the expected sort it has, but beyond that is a thoughtful depth, in which the theme of the story is submerged without effort. One looks into it as into a crystal pool; Mr. Hervey is no paddler in the shallows of fiction. "Ethan Quest" is done with feeling and aesthetic restraint; it belongs in the category of civilized fiction.

Little Nineteenth-Century Classics. Edited by John Drinkwater. I. *Twenty Poems*, by Robert Stephen Hawker. II. *Essays*, by Hartley Coleridge. III. *Twenty Poems in Common English*, by William Barnes. Duffield and Company. Seventy-five cents each.

Three featherweight volumes in a series, which it is hoped will grow indefinitely.

George Fox; Some Modern Appreciations. A Tercentenary Collection of Studies. London: The Swarthmore Press. 6 shillings.

Tributes by Rufus M. Jones, J. St. Loe Strachey, Dean Inge, and others to the perennially interesting Quaker.

Italian Landscape in Eighteenth-Century England. By Elizabeth Wheeler Manwaring. Oxford University Press. $3.

An excellent and valuable chapter in the history of culture, tracing the influence of Claude Lorrain and Salvator Rosa (as well as their imitators in European painting) upon literature, art, and landscape gardening in the England of Thomson and Reynolds and Mrs. Radcliffe.

The Cruise of the Nona. By Hilaire Belloc. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

A miscellany of sea-meditations upon all matters under the sun; Mr. Belloc's admirers will say that he thought while he sailed; the others that he sailed while he thought. The resulting pages are breezy enough; the intellectual ballast, however, was very light.

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Drama

Liberty's Glorious Feast

FASHIONS change, and the hobo is coming once more into his own. Not many years ago moralizing realists were telling us that these knights of the road were no knights at all. Their ranks, so we were told, were recruited from the most feebly unfit. Weak-minded victims of dementia praecox constituted, it was said, the most typical of their numbers, and there was nothing even remotely romantic about their cowardly viciousness. Now, however, poet-tramps, scholar-tramps, and super-tramps are popping up all over America and England to defend the picturesqueness if not the virtue of their fellows; and thanks either to their facts or to their imagination they are getting the best of the argument. Though Gipsies seem to belong almost wholly to the past and though the highwayman has come to operate from the taxicab which he drives, the most thoroughly regimentized citizen must have some symbol of the free life outside those laws which he obeys and those conventional decencies which he preserves. The dream of Vagabondage is as eternal as that of the Golden Age—the one a dream of protest as the other is a dream of fulfilment—and the tramp furnishes the best contemporary material for its embodiment.

On the crest of this wave of neo-romanticism comes "Outside Looking In" (Greenwich Village Theater), which Maxwell Anderson has fashioned from Jim Tully's autobiography, "Beggars of Life"; and it is a dramatic sketch of astonishing vigor, moving with speed in spite of the fact that it is largely made of atmosphere and character, and rollicking with both cynical and Rabelaisian laughter. Romantic no doubt it is, but its romanticism is strictly *à la mode*, the romanticism, that is to say, not of Alfred Noyes or of Robin Hood but the robust romanticism of "What Price Glory"—which has little to do with prettiness and much to do with things not generally considered the material of romance. Reeking with profanity and rich with that characteristic American humor which expresses itself in the exuberant phrase and the fantastic overstatement, its touches of sentiment are slipped unobtrusively into places where they will give the audience a little comfort without calling attention to themselves; and they do not spoil the illusion of riotous and brutal mirth.

There is a whole gallery of highly individualized portraits, ranging from the silently sinister "Arkansas Snake" at one extreme to the genially violent giant, tinged with the principles of the wobbly and known as "Oklahoma Red," on the other; while in between is a whole army of tramps, varying greatly in their experience and in the extent of their philosophy, but united in a common contempt for easy life within the law. The racy talk, touching lightly upon everything from women to government, blasphemes against every respectability and reaches its climax in the scene where a Kangaroo court is convened in a box car to try a prisoner charged "with eating in restaurants and corrupting a girl from a bawdy house into honorable marriage." "If," demands the judge, "all the women were taken out of sporting houses, what would become of us poor single men?" And then, declaring himself like all other judges, he waves the defense counsel aside with the words: "It's no use; I've already made up my mind, and I'm incorruptible." The audience, not too rootedly respectful of the guardians of law and order to object to a little mockery, rocks with laughter at every sally.

It would not be easy to find in literature so riotous a defiance of all the proprieties. "The Beggar's Opera," being frank burlesque, is not half so strong; and one is driven to that glorious cantata, Burns's "The Jolly Beggars," for such a gallery of rogues or so joyous an exhibition of pariah philosophy. Burns did indeed strike exactly the note which Messrs. Tully and Anderson have echoed, and here it is:

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes:
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

As for the story of "Outside Looking In," it is rather commonplace melodrama and might, if told in outline, put some strain upon credulity; but thanks to the very skilful handling and to acting which, especially in the parts of Charles Bickford and David Leonard, is extremely good, it is made tense and convincing. Those who were worried because "What Price Glory" was effective in spite of demonstrably poor dramatic construction will be still further distressed by Mr. Anderson's latest effort, but no play ever opened at the Greenwich Village which seemed more certainly destined for success.

At the Lyceum Theater Mr. Belasco is presenting Willard Mack in "Canary Dutch." Mr. Mack does a really masterly piece of characterizing, but the piece is a factitious arrangement of pathos and melodrama designed merely to give him the opportunity. At the Booth Theater the irresistibly amusing Ruth Gordon takes complete charge of a poor play called "The Fall of Eve" and makes it very funny in spite of itself.

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International Relations Section

The Chinese Demands

TEN days after the Shanghai shooting of May 30 representatives of the Diplomatic Body in Peking arrived on the scene to investigate the affair and negotiate for settlement. Three days later the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai presented a series of thirteen demands as terms for such a settlement.

These thirteen points drafted by the Chamber of Commerce are the only "demands" officially presented to the powers up to the present time, and supported by the Chinese Government. As such they must be distinguished from those other more far-reaching aspirations which have been expressed from time to time in the diplomatic correspondence of the Chinese Government.

Immediately following the May 30 affair the Chamber of Commerce held a number of meetings to consider the situation. This body, composed of 530 members, represents the largest and most influential commercial and banking interests in Shanghai. In presenting the thirteen demands the Chamber of Commerce was supported (according to the foreign press it was coerced) by the more radical Amalgamated Union of Commerce and Education which managed the general strike. In the latter organization are included the Chinese Students Union (national), the Shanghai Students Union, the Federated Street Unions, representing more than 10,000 small shopkeepers organized by streets, and many smaller trade unions. Although differences of opinion later developed between the more radical and conservative elements, it is safe to say that the great bulk of Chinese organized opinion stands behind these demands.

Complete agreement in regard to the manner in which the thirteen demands were drafted by the Chamber of Commerce is lacking. According to the foreign press and Shanghai municipal officials, the meeting at the Chamber of Commerce was attended by students and various radical labor groups who forced the hands of the "more stable elements" of the chamber itself. Information from Chinese sources states that the chamber formulated its demands without coercion.

On the following facts, however, there is general agreement: Prior to the drafting of the thirteen demands by the Chamber of Commerce the joint committee of the Commercial Labor and Educational Bodies, the executive of the Amalgamated Union, drew up a series of demands for submission to the Municipal Council. These demands, also thirteen in number, were far more radical than those subsequently adopted by the chamber. They included immediate abolition of extraterritoriality; withdrawal of British and Chinese gunboats; return of the Mixed Court to China; appointment of a Chinese commissioner of police for the Shanghai Foreign Settlement; and eligibility of Chinese to sit on the Municipal Council. When the Chamber of Commerce met, with representatives of the students and labor and commerce bodies participating, the more radical demands listed above were dropped and several others materially modified, on the ground that they were inconsistent with existing treaties or impractical at the present time.

The thirteen demands of the Chamber of Commerce were officially presented to the Chinese Commissioner of Foreign Affairs at Shanghai on June 12 and submitted by him to the Diplomatic Delegation from Peking sent to negotiate for a settlement with the Chinese commissioners. At about the same time the demands of the Amalgamated Union were also submitted to the Chinese commissioners.

On June 18, after holding three sessions, the negotiations were broken off. The Diplomatic Delegation, on leaving Shanghai, published a statement declaring agreement impossible due to the fact that the Chinese demands (except those directly relating to the May 30 affair) were beyond the scope of their instructions. The report of the Diplomatic Delegation has not been published to date.

Following the breakdown of the negotiations in Shanghai the Chinese Foreign Office in Peking transmitted to the Diplomatic Body on June 24 a note containing the thirteen demands as drafted by the Chamber of Commerce. No reply to this note had been presented by the powers at the time of this writing. The Chinese Government has insisted on the thirteen demands as the basis for any settlement of the May 30 affair. Since the note of June 24 no further negotiations have taken place between the powers and China.

On June 18 the powers announced their decision to hold a judicial inquiry. The Chinese Government backed by student and labor organizations opposed such inquiry and to date no further action has been taken by the powers.

The Thirteen Demands

The thirteen demands may be grouped for convenience into two sections. The first, covering seven points, deals directly with the shooting of May 30 and calls for apology, compensation, punishment of offenders, release of Chinese arrested, reinstatement of strikers, betterment of labor conditions. The second deals with general questions long a source of friction which, according to the Chinese, were the underlying causes of the Shanghai affair. These demands, six in number, include revision of the Mixed Court, municipal franchise for Chinese rate-payers in the Foreign Settlement, freedom of speech and the press, and withdrawal of several proposed municipal (Shanghai Settlement) statutes. We print herewith a translation of the demands, taken verbatim from the *North-China Herald*, with an explanation of those points which may be obscure:

1. Cancelation of state of emergency.
2. Release of all Chinese arrested in connection with this affair and restoration to original state of all educational institutions in the International Settlement sealed and occupied by the authorities.
3. Punishment of offenders. To be suspended pending investigation and thereafter to be seriously dealt with.
4. Compensation for the dead and wounded and the damage sustained by the laborers, merchants, and students in connection with this affair.
5. Apology.
6. Rendition of Mixed Court. Complete restoration of the state consistent to the provisions of the treaties. When any Chinese is prosecuted under the criminal code of the Republic of China or under the municipal by-laws the prosecution shall be in the name of the republic and not that of the Shanghai Municipal Council.

[This demand refers to the action of the powers in 1911, when they took over complete control of the Shanghai Mixed Court. Before 1911 the Chinese magistrates on the Mixed Court were appointed by the local Chinese authority and paid from Chinese sources. During the revolution, when the Imperial Government was overthrown, the treaty powers assumed

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control of the Mixed Court in order that it might continue to function and appointed the Chinese magistrates through the consular body. This foreign control was not surrendered after the republic was recognized by the powers, despite the fact, as W. W. Willoughby points out, that "there was no legal or other treaty right empowering this action on the part of the treaty powers." The Chinese now demand restoration of the status existing before the revolution.]

7. All the employees of the foreigners, seamen and workers of mills or factories and others who turned out on strike in sympathy, shall be reinstated and their wages during the period of the strike shall not be deducted.

8. Better conditions for the laborers. Any laborer may work or not on his own accord and shall not be punishable for refusal to work.

9. Municipal franchise.

(a) The Chinese may participate in the Municipal Council and rate-payers' meetings. The rate-payers' representation in the council shall be in proportion to the amount of the rate payable and paid to the municipal revenues, and the qualifications for franchise of the Chinese shall be similar to those of the foreigner.

(b) For the purpose of the franchise, distinction shall be made as to the beneficial and trust (or legal) interests of property. With the beneficial interest, the right of franchise shall accompany; and in the case of the trust interest, such right shall be exercised by the beneficial owner thereof.

[Under existing regulations Chinese residents in the Foreign Settlement, despite the fact that they pay more than 80 per cent of the taxes, are without franchise or representation on the Municipal Council or governing body of the Settlement. Furthermore, a large amount of property in the Settlement is registered in the name of foreigners as trust for Chinese owners. The Chinese demand the franchise on the basis of the rate paid, without distinction as to nationality.]

10. Restraint to construct roads beyond boundaries. The Shanghai Municipal Council shall not construct roads beyond the Settlement boundaries; those roads which are already so constructed shall be unconditionally turned over to the Chinese Government.

[This demand is the result of a controversy between the Chinese and foreigners over the right of the Municipal Council to build roads beyond the Settlement boundaries. Crowded conditions in the Foreign Settlement led to the construction of foreign residences and business houses in Chinese territory, the land being purchased by individual foreigners and real-estate companies. The Municipal Council, in order to establish communications with the new communities, built a number of roads and highways radiating from the Settlement boundaries, the land for such being purchased from the Chinese for that purpose. These roads, being the property of the Settlement, automatically came under the jurisdiction of the Municipal Council, and as such had the same status as land within the Settlement boundaries. The roads are policed by the Settlement force and, legally, Chinese police and Chinese troops are prohibited from crossing them. This condition led to considerable friction and repeated protests on the part of the Chinese, who claimed that the Settlement was illegally extending its boundaries. The Chinese now demand return of all roads constructed by the Municipal Council and restraint to construct new roads.]

11. Withdrawal of the resolutions concerning printed matter, increase of wharfage dues, and licensing of exchanges.

[For some time past resolutions for amendment of the by-laws to permit control and censorship of the press (affecting Chinese papers printed in the Settlement) and to increase wharfage dues (involving Chinese river traffic) have been introduced at the rate-payers' meetings. These measures have been strenuously opposed by the Chinese, who now ask that they be not introduced again.]

12. All Chinese residents of the Settlement shall have liberty of speech, assembly, and publication.

[This demand is a result of the frequent arrest of Chinese students and others by the Settlement police on the charge of distributing incendiary literature and contributing to general unrest.]

13. Dismissal of the Secretary of the Municipal Council, E. S. B. Rowe.

The directors of the Chinese Rate-payers' Association, at a meeting held, unanimously indorsed the demands addressed to the Foreign Commissioner.

Two Missionary Statements

AN interesting statement from Kuling, China, dated July 11, addressed to the Secretary of State, shows the attitude of certain Christian missionaries.

DEAR MR. KELLOGG:

We, a group of Methodist Episcopal missionaries resident in the Lower Yangtze Valley, wish to commend the proposal, presumably official, that our Government call an international conference on extraterritoriality. And, as American citizens, we beg the privilege of offering a statement regarding the present situation in China.

We have found, through intimate intercourse with these people, that they are one of the most reasonable peoples in the family of nations, and that if they are dealt with in the spirit of fairness, equality, and respect, they readily respond with reciprocal attitudes.

It is with a feeling of deep appreciation that we bear in mind our nation's traditional policy of fair dealing with China, and we herein bear witness to the rich returns in good-will that have redounded to America and to her citizens living here.

But, on the other hand, there is at the present time a widespread and almost unanimous feeling of protest against the unfairness in existing treaties, including those with America. This has accelerated the national movement, which is fundamentally not anti-foreign, but which may become a menace to world peace.

With these experiences and reflections in mind, we greet with profound satisfaction and relief the report that our Government contemplates calling a conference of powers to consider the retrocession of extraterritoriality. We approve the conditions suggested in the press reports, the "codification of China's criminal and civil laws," the "establishment of a responsible Chinese judiciary," and the "acceptance by Chinese factions of the responsibility of the Chinese Central Government," because they will provide necessary safeguards and involve no infringement of Chinese sovereignty. We feel that the risks involved will be far outweighed by the resultant advantages in faith and good-will.

We also feel that the control of its own tariff, internal revenue, and territory is essential to the sovereignty of any nation, and since the nations assembled at Washington promised to respect the sovereignty of China, it is imperative that these promises now be kept. We feel that a conciliatory attitude is a sign of strength, and we believe the time has come when the unfair treaties now binding China should be revised.

We therefore hope that the forthcoming conference will deal not only with extraterritoriality but will widen its scope to include the revision of treaties so that all discriminations against the Chinese, as a nation and as a people—extraterritoriality, foreign concessions, and foreign control of the Chinese tariff and internal revenue—shall be abolished as soon as reasonably possible.

[Signed] W. E. SCHUBERT, Chairman; PAUL G. HAYES, Secretary; L. J. BIRNEY, Bishop; and fifty-two others

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A different attitude is expressed in the resolutions regarding China adopted by the Conference of Missionary Societies in Great Britain and Ireland, held at Swanwick, England, in June:

1. Feeling the need of special prayer in connection with the present critical situation in China the conference refers to its officers to take such steps as after consideration and inquiry they think best for drawing forth the prayers of Christian people for the lands and peoples concerned.

(1a) The Conference of British Missionary Societies, representing fifty-one missionary societies, having given thoughtful consideration to the serious situation which has arisen in China and to the causes which have produced so unhappy and threatening a position between China and the foreign powers, would place upon record their conviction that an urgent need exists for a prayerful study of the various movements underlying the present reaction. The conference sees in the present condition the operation of political, economic, and educational forces vitally affecting the whole life of the Chinese people, and considers that a true solution can only be found by mutual confidence and conciliation resulting from patient and sympathetic investigation of the difficulties with which China is at present confronted as a nation.

(2) To our brethren and sisters in the Christian churches in China:

At this time of exceptional difficulty in China we wish to take the opportunity of our meeting to express to you our loving sympathy and to assure you of our prayers. To you we know that the present situation must be a matter of acute sorrow, and that it must bring grave perplexities. We are sharers of this sorrow, and we wish to help you in facing these perplexities. We do not for a moment doubt that the answer to China's distress is to be found in our Lord Jesus Christ. We recognize also in ourselves and in our organizations a failure adequately to express the glorious gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We know that this essentially universal message is made more difficult of acceptance at the present time because of its association with Western nations. No small part of your difficulty is created by these facts. We wish to do all we can to lessen such difficulties. We are earnestly striving to see how the Spirit of Christ may be expressed more fully in us and in our relations with China. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL BLANSHARD, of the League for Industrial Democracy, is in China studying the student movement.

GEORGE T. ODELL was for many years the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Mail* and of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

M. M. KNIGHT, assistant professor of history at Columbia University, has just returned from Morocco.

H. L. BOURDIN is instructor in French, and S. T. WILLIAMS is assistant professor of English at Yale University.

ROBINSON JEFFERS is a California poet, author of "Tamar and Other Poems."

SAMUEL C. CHEW has written several books of criticism. The latest is "Byron in England."

WILLIAM MACDONALD was an associate editor of *The Nation* in 1919 and 1920.

GERALD L. WENDT is head of the department of chemistry at Pennsylvania State College and discoverer of the ozone form of hydrogen.

ELISEO VIVAS was the author of the anonymous article, The Unknown Critic, in *The Nation* for December 10, 1924.

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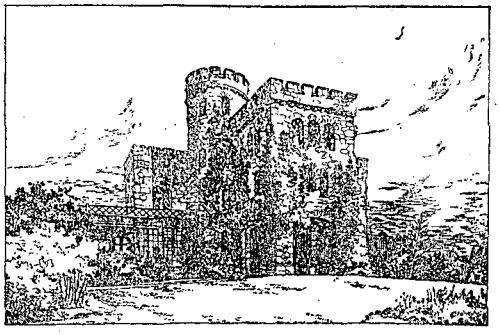

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